

THE BIRTH
— OF —
DEMOCRACY

G. H. McINTIRE



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THE BIRTH OF DEMOCRACY

BY
C. H. MCINTIRE



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I. M. SIMONS
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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH man has always rejected that which would benefit him most, and has ever taken sides with his worst enemies, it is evident that he is rapidly becoming conscious that the dawn of a new era is upon the horizon, and, even though it will necessitate an acknowledgment of self-error, which has always been so painful to him, I believe he has seen enough slavery, poverty, persecution, and war, to give ear to rational discussion upon their basic and underlying causes, to the extent that he may even abandon the tradition of leaving important issues to posterity, in bringing about their dissolution; therefore, I have tried to drive home, in a simple way, the truth to the public mind, and lay bare the obstacles and instruments that have shackled the human brain and thus impeded social progress throughout all the ages of the world. Then, I have pointed out very plainly, the social, political, and economic changes that *inevitably will*, and which *necessarily must* take place before Democracy can possibly be established.

As a vehicle to convey the reader through the various social and organic phases of the evolution of the race I have employed the moving pictures, without which, a volume many times this size would have been required, and through which I have been able to avoid most of the tiresome pedagogy and statistics heretofore believed necessary in rendering the fundamental principles of these truths intelligible to the student of Science, and made them understandable to the layman.

Chicago, July 1, 1918.

THE AUTHOR.

THE BIRTH OF DEMOCRACY



A heavy shower had driven us from the field about four o'clock, and just as I had turned from hanging up a bridle and was unbuckling a hame-string, who should slip into the stall and slap me on the shoulder but Uncle Howard Judy, an old friend of the family who had come down from the Old Soldiers' Home to visit with us for a week. Glad to see him? Yes, indeed! Many, many times have both Father and Mother expressed their wish that we were able to have him make his home with us. He is so pleasant and patient at all times, finding laughs where others find only sorrows and tears, and an interesting experience to relate of cunning necessitated during his various explorations. His presence always makes life a pleasure for all; even the dog and cats seem to recognize the gentleness of his disposition and are to be seen

much of the while at his feet, inviting the soothing strokes of his wrinkled hand.

He was left an orphan at seven, when his parents were killed by a train at an unguarded crossing, and was taken by an old maid aunt who, fearing he would acquire evil habits if permitted to associate with other boys, did not send him to school, but taught him to read and write as best she could and a little about addition. When at the age of fifteen his aunt died, leaving him alone in the world, uneducated, and a target for sport-making of other boys—a typical greenhorn. His only chance was the army, where he was received as drummer-boy. Here his good breeding (as we farmers call it) gained for him many friends, who not only provided him with books to read but taught him science and arithmetic; and after leaving the army at the close of the war, he became an extensive traveler and searcher for truth. Having a faculty for seeing everything he looked at, and for being able to do most anything that any other man could do, he sought livelihood in many vocations, which gave him an excellent opportunity to study human nature as well as political economy. Unlike the average young man of today who spends much of his time in saloons and pool rooms, most of his leisure hours were spent in libraries. He can do anything, it seems, but accumulate wealth, which is probably due to his stupid honesty. Several clever inventions

he has allowed others to steal by betraying his confidence. Doubtless, coming generations will shout praises for him, according to the laws of tradition, which holds that all heroes and geniuses are dead.

Father, being at the other end of the field when the rain came up, was several minutes behind me, thus by the time he arrived we had calmed down from our little fit of gratitude, and Uncle Howard had concealed himself beside one of my mules to surprise him as he had me. However, he did not wait until Father had gotten into the stall, but jumped upon him before he was hardly inside the door.

By and by we got the mules all unharnessed and turned out into the orchard for the night and proceeded to the house for a good old-time chat, and while we were getting into some dry clothes, Mother and Sister Alice entertained Uncle Howard in the kitchen as they were preparing supper.

Alice had been home but a week after spending three years in the hospital, where she had graduated as a trained nurse, and was relating many of her experiences, which were very interesting to him. He was always strongly in favor of merit rule and government ownership of hospitals, as well as all other public utilities, and thus he easily called her attention to many points where she had been exploited for personal profit, while being flatteringly praised and complimented for the good judgment

she had exercised "doing her duty". Especially was he interested when she told him of the graduating exercises her class had been looking forward to—musical selections by the most prominent women in town, beautiful addresses by the preacher and doctors, to be followed by a fine supper, all of which had fallen through at the last moment with practically no excuses, and all she received was a fine, large diploma with a wonderful recommendation written in a beautiful hand, and signed by the superintendent and all the doctors in town. Also they presented her with a class pin (upon which was carved a beautiful and inspiring motto), with an explanation from the superintendent that the hospital was very short on funds, and inasmuch as she would soon be earning good wages they felt it was no more than right that she pay for her own pin. So she handed her eleven dollars and wore the pin home, but from the teasings she has received about it since I don't think she will ever put it on again. "A walking advertisement—a bill-board for the hospital to catch more dupes to work for them for nothing", said Uncle Howard as Alice explained that they had taught her that a good nurse always holds up for the doctors and the hospital, regardless of what happens. Then to cap the climax, when she wrote to the State Superintendent of Registered Nurses to find where and when she might take the examination and become an "R. N." (get a chance to buy some more jewelry, Father

suggested), she was informed that as she had not graduated from an "accredited school" she would not be eligible to registration, according to a State Law, until she had spent three years training in such an institution. Fearing she had misinterpreted the first letter, she made further inquiry, which was answered with emphasis, that regardless of proficiency and merit, even were she able to pass their examinations with a credit of 100 per cent, this rule and law must be followed; and by the time supper was ready Uncle Howard was rolling out words faster than a champion auctioneer, stating his regrets that he hadn't the power to place every grafter on the continent in the front line trenches.

We had hardly seated ourselves at the table when the telephone rang, which Alice answered. Another surprise for us: it was Cousin Ethel from Chicago, waiting at the station for us to come after her. Why we were so surprised was that the last time she was down she became offended at Father for saying that he thought about as much of the girl who attends public dances as he did of the one who sleeps with a silk poodle in her arms, and that neither could be intelligent.

Ethel's father is a grain broker and they live on Lake Shore Drive. (Uncle Howard says that all the people in Chicago who have to work for a living call it "Gold Coast", because no one is allowed to live there but millionaires.) So she is a leader in

society and gets her name and picture in the newspapers quite often. However, she enjoys a trip to the country occasionally, even if she does have to stoop so low as to associate with her poor relatives.

How were we going after her? The mules were all out and nothing could persuade them into the barn before morning. Alice was trying to figure out, talking first to Ethel and then to us, when suddenly Owen Baker, a young man living on the adjoining farm (who "pikes" every time the phone rings), "butted in", suggesting to Alice that he drive past in his big car, as it had not rained enough to make the roads muddy, and we would all go to the station to get Ethel, then on to town (which is eight miles farther) and take in a movie, which, of course, was agreeable to all, and Alice told him to be along in about half an hour.

Owen is the information bureau of the community—he knows all about everything and everybody. He has appointed himself to investigate the character of every girl that comes within fifteen miles, and then to tell the boys about them, but because he is young and from one of the wealthiest and "most respected" families nothing is said about it. He has two elegant cars and lots of good clothes, a two-carat diamond stud, and a gold-headed cane, has his nails manicured twice a week and always wears a silk shirt, while his socks, tie and top pocket handkerchief always match. All of which,

needless to say, make a hit with most girls.

Father and mother said they were very tired and preferred staying at home, but insisted that Uncle Howard go with us, for they know he always has a store of information up his sleeve that Alice and I need more than they do.

At exactly seven o'clock came the honk! honk! from Owen's car, and I will never forget the curl on Uncle Howard's lip as he shook hands with the popular young gentleman, who was sitting up behind a gold-tipped cigarette as important as any millionaire in the world, then climbed into the rear seat with Alice, while I sat with Owen in front.

It was but a few minutes until we arrived at the station; it seemed to me that I had hardly gotten straight in my seat, for it was the first time I was ever in an auto. Alice had had several rides when the doctors took her to the country on cases. Owen and I made a few remarks about the weather while he kept one ear toward the rear, trying to catch a few words from the chatter that was going on back there. Alice was telling Uncle Howard about Ethel's knitting—about her first pair of socks, which were sent to a soldier at Camp Grant, who wrote her a little verse about them that vexed her very much, causing her to declare that she would not knit another stitch, but when the ladies of the Club explained to her that this would never do, she resumed the work. The verse was:

The socks you sent me are a perfect fit,
I use one for a hammock and one for a mit,
I hope I see you when I've done my bit,
But where in the — did you learn to knit?

Ethel was walking restlessly about the platform with her knitting bag (made of red satin, about four shades brighter than Owen's tie, and in the shape of a red cross) swinging on her arm. As we stopped, Owen adjusted his handkerchief to exactly one and five-eighths inches above the edge of his pocket, while his eyes rested upon Ethel as she tripped carefully toward the car, fearing her ankle might turn should her three-inch heel slip off a cinder or corn cob, many of which were scattered about on the ground. I hardly know which caught his eye first: the letters "C. R." which were beautifully embroidered in red and blue, over her instep and on her flesh-colored stockings (which she later explained to us were the initials of her sweetheart who had gone to war, and was the latest way "all the girls" had for showing their loyalty and patriotism), or the flag she had pasted over the lower end of her breast bone, which was in plain view. However, he assured her that it afforded him a great pleasure to meet her, while I was arranging her grip behind my feet. Then while she and Alice were saying the usual woman's how-de-do, Owen lit another gold-tip and soon we were on our way to the movie.

After Alice had asked about Uncle John and Aunt Lydia and was told that they were well, she inquired about the dog, to which Ethel answered: "Oh my, it is certainly a sin and a shame the way the poor little darling has been neglected. I bought him a Liberty Bond some time ago, but I haven't had the time to notice whether the maid has polished his nails or even given him a bath for two weeks. Since I've been doing patriotic work and trying to keep up with my club work too, I have grown to be almost a nervous wreck; and then with this dreadfully hot weather (as she pushed her large fur back on her shoulders) on top of that, the doctor said that I just must stop and go to the country for a few weeks."

Ethel is a very *accomplished* girl—she is a University graduate, and knows all about fine arts—music and rhetoric; knows all the latest dance steps and how to play bridge, and she has read all the books on ethics. Some of the most interesting things she has told us about ethics are: "When a lady is walking with a gentleman he should walk on the side next to the street; any married lady or one who is engaged to be married should wear a ring on the third finger of the left hand to prevent other gentlemen from proposing to her; every gentleman should remove his hat when riding in elevators with ladies, while he is no longer required to offer a lady his seat on a street car, even if she has a baby in

her arms; *refined* people use their knives very little, if at all, while eating; *distinguished* ladies should never wear the same dress to more than one party; *polished* ladies are careful to have exactly twenty-seven hairs in each eyebrow; women of *good tastes* always wear silk pomps with evening dress regardless of weather conditions"; and "no *cultured* lady, while walking on the street, will take a step of more than sixteen inches. The most humiliating breech of etiquette," she explained, "is the improper acknowledgment of an introduction. When a lady is introduced to another lady, they should shake hands while wrists are on a level with chin and with fingers pointing downward at an angle of forty-five degrees. If they are not of same height, then the height of the wrist shall be divided to the distance of half way between the chins of each."

They do not shake hands as we farmers do, but simply take hold of each other's fingers, step back four inches with the left foot, then bow the head slightly as they release hands, while if it be a man who is introduced to a lady, she slightly nods while he places his hand on left side and bows low.

Owen and I talked very little, as he was too much interested in what Ethel was saying. He usually spends several weeks in Chicago each summer and I suppose her conversation made him a little homesick for the gay life he has told me something of enjoying there. Especially was he inter-

ested when she showed us a photograph of her dog, explaining that it was valued at five thousand dollars and had a platinum collar and chain that cost one thousand; also that he had won prizes at many shows and was of the *purest blood*. Owen is quite a dog fancier also, he assured her, adding that it is ridiculous and should be against the law for any one to keep other than pure bred dogs; at which Uncle Howard wrinkled his face with a sarcastic grin. He sat back quietly, taking it all in, speaking but once during the journey; then, in answer to Ethel's inquiry, asking if he wasn't afraid of the night air.

"I have been breathing it every night for sixty-eight years, and it hasn't hurt me yet that I know of; in fact, there isn't any other air to breathe at night," he chuckled back, she enjoying his humor as much as the rest of us.

As we neared town, Ethel asked Owen if he would be kind enough to drive past the hotel, so she might clean up a little before going to the show. One of the first things I had noticed as she was getting into the car was that the perspiration, along with the train dirt, had played havoc with her ruby lips and cherry cheeks, as well as with her snappy eyebrows and lashes, and had been wondering how she was going to adjust them before appearing in a public place.

As we drove past the theatre I suggested that I get out and get our tickets and wait on the outside

for them, for the crowd was fairly flocking in, and I feared we would not be able to get seats, but Owen said he had reserved them over the phone.

Finally the girls emerged from the wash room, Ethel looking quite refreshed after the application of soap and water, and a fresh supply of complexion, as well as having enjoyed her usual cigarette (Owen whispering to me, as they neared the car, that she had a beautiful form and a pretty leg—her dress extending but a few inches below her knees), and we hurried back to the theatre, which was packed to the doors, and were slowly ushered to our seats in the center aisle, about twenty seats back, I believe. Owen entered first, followed by Ethel, and then Alice, allowing Uncle Howard to sit between Alice and me.

The show had started and we did not get to see the name of the production nor the introduction of all the principal characters. The first thing we saw was a pair of heavy curtains—portieres, I believe they call them, in front of which seemed to be hanging in large letters:

THE DESPOT (SYMBOLIZING AUTOC-
RACY)—HENRY BLAKE

Suddenly this disappeared and the curtains opened slowly. A very large and hateful looking man, with a bull-dog jaw and practically no fore-

head (his head seemed to slope backwards from his eyebrows, and he looked as if he had never known how to smile) stepped out and looked angrily about for a few seconds, then stepped back and closed the curtains.

Then another name appeared over them:

GEORGE CARSON (SYMBOLIZING GENIUS)—HAROLD WALKER

After a few seconds this disappeared and the curtains again parted and one of the most intelligent looking gentlemen I ever gazed upon stepped forward. He had a broad and high forehead and his eyes displayed a kind and forgiving disposition—admiration for all that is pure and sweet and wholesome, and a curl on his lip which indicated tact and humor. He was just a sort of fellow who will talk to a man whether in rags or in broad-cloth, and one whom both enjoy conversing with. He looked casually about, slightly smiling, for a moment, then making a slight bow, stepped back through the curtains and closed them. Then the following appeared over the curtains:

NELLIE MARTIN (SYMBOLIZING DEMOCRACY)—EDITH CONWAY

Again the curtains parted, and a most brilliant

looking girl emerged.

"Well", said Ethel, "this certainly can't be much of a picture, for neither of these people are known, and it's a certainty that no picture can be a success without popular stars. Then she hasn't good tastes, either; they are not marcelling their hair now, and ear drops are all the rage. And just look, she hasn't one bit of jewelry on, not even a ring."

"Jewelry!" snapped Uncle Howard, "what is jewelry? It certainly is not the product of an intellectual brain—it is the product of savagery, and a symbol of despotism. Talk about breeding better dogs, if people would devote more thought to breeding better children the world would be a lot better off. Look at the master mind behind those eyes—there is the result of a well-mated ancestry." This closed Ethel up for quite a while, needless to say.

After bowing two or three times, the young lady stepped back and closed the curtains as had the others. This time, however, no reader appeared over them, but after a few seconds they slowly parted, displaying a seashore scene with large waves dashing against the rocks. Suddenly the scene seemed to be growing dim and a little mass of moving matter appeared behind a powerful magnifying glass, and changed its shape several times, apparently very much at ease. Then over this appeared the following reader:

LIFE IS EVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION IS
GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT FROM
THE SIMPLE TO THE SUBLIMER FORMS
OF LIFE AND BODIES

"Watch this closely, children," said Uncle Howard, "this is going to be something worth while. That is the Amoeba, the lowest form of animal life known to modern science, and is composed of but one cell. And look, it is changing into a sponge," as the reader disappeared, "and now into a coral; and here comes the worm; and the leach; how wonderful the suggestion when you recall that this—'the organic process,' as the Biologists call it, requires centuries—yes, thousands of years for one of these animals to evolve into the more sublime. And here is the salamander; and now the duck-bill—this is the first egg-laying animal that suckles its young. Having no nipples, the young lap the hairless belly of the mother, from which they receive a milky nourishment, appearing as does our perspiration. They have the feet and beak of the duck while their bodies are covered with hair."

By this time both Owen and Ethel were leaning far over towards Uncle Howard while watching the screen with deepest interest, and Alice suggested that she change seats with him, whereby there would be two of us on either side, rendering it possible for all to hear with ease, and not necessitat-

ing his speaking above a whisper and annoying others.

"This is the opossum," he continued—"look at the heads of those little fellows sticking out of that pouch. This class of animals are known as the marsupium, and are the lowest animals that hatch the egg within the womb. Their young are born in quite a premature state, minute, nude and blind, and are placed in the marsupial pouch by the mother, who places the nipple in the mouth. These are the lowest form of animals possessing the nipple; then as they are too feeble to suckle, she forces the milk into their mouths by exercising some voluntary abdominal muscle. There are about twenty-seven different animals in this group, I believe—the kangaroo being the largest."

By this time the orangoutang had appeared, and was fading into a primitive man, whose body was covered with hair, and whose arms were so long that his hands extended below his knees. He had practically no chin nor forehead, his nose was very broad and flat, and his chest was deep and broad. Then it seemed that the outer edges of the camera lens closed in, making the screen dark from the outside towards the center, until the picture had entirely disappeared, which act we will hereinafter speak of as "fading out."

Then came the leech we had seen before and faded into a lizard, which then dissolved into a

snake. Uncle Howard here explained to us that a snake is a lizard without feet, and a lizard is a snake with feet, and that many of our snakes when dissected are found to have remnants of legs within. He also told us that for thousands of years there was a struggle between man and reptile as to which should rule the planet, and that this instinct of fear still survives within us, causing us to shiver at the sight of a snake, however small it might be.

After the scene of the snake faded out, the duck-bill again appeared and dissolved into an ant-eater which then faded into a sloth and was followed by a beaver. Then it seemed that the scene became further away, and before I realized just what changes took place, there appeared many animals which neither Alice nor I had ever seen or even heard of, while all the rest seemed quite familiar with most of them, and explained that fossilized carcasses of nearly all of them could be seen in large museums. Some had very long bodies, and yet had only two feet; others had very long necks, while still others seemed to have practically no necks at all. Later Uncle Howard told us much about them. He said that this was the study of Paleontology, and that all these animals lived in the Prehistoric Age. One of them that had two large legs and two very short ones—the short ones with long claws which did not touch the ground, he explained as “a contemporary of the oldest known bird—a gigan-

tic reptile that lived over forty million years ago, when the ancestors of birds and higher quadrupeds were slowly developing from their primitive reptile ancestors, and were still reptile-like in many respects. A mounted skeleton of one of them, thirty-six feet long and about fourteen feet high, stands in the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York City, and is called the *Allosaurus*.

"Reptiles were supreme everywhere—on sea and on land and in the air. Their rulership of the world was not so bloody and masterful as man's, but quite as remorseless. Imagine an aristocracy made up of flying reptiles with teeth, and measuring twenty feet between wing-tips; great serpent reptiles and fish reptiles, enormous bandits of the seas; and giant land lizards like the largest one which was shown at the extreme right and known as the *Atlantosaurus*, fifteen feet high and from fifty to one hundred feet long. 'A government of demagogues is bad enough, as king-ridden mankind well knows, but dragons would be worse, if possible,' says Prof. J. Howard Moore, in 'The Universal Kinship,' who also maintains that the *Atlantosaurus* were the largest animals that have ever walked upon the earth."

Another queer looking animal, he said, was to be seen in the New York Museum, the *Brontosaurus*, whose skeleton measures nearly seventy feet. "There you will find also two complete skeletons,

of the Dinosaurus, each thirty feet long, which were gigantic land reptiles that ruled the Earth before the hoofed and clawed mammals appeared. Among those others were, the Tricheratop, whose skulls have been found as long as eight feet; the Moropus, which was a horse-like animal, eight feet high at the shoulders, and with enormous sharp-hooked claws on the front feet and smaller ones on the hind feet, with an eight-foot body, and skull and neck six feet long; gigantic rhinoceroses, weighing ten tons, called the Brontotherium, which had horns across his nose; dwarfed rhinoceroses no longer than a common hog, and others were gigantic ferocious hogs, six feet high and called Dinohyus."

After the scene of these queer looking animals was shown for a short while, a number of primitive peoples were shown to be engaged in making some queer shaped bowls of clay, some of which were nearly as tall as they were, while others were smaller, and would hold, perhaps, not more than four or five gallons. I suppose they were for storing food. These people all had very queer shaped heads, and their bodies were covered with long hair.

Suddenly the scene began to grow dim, when a large mountain of ice appeared and seemed to be drawing near, and before I had time to think, or ask Uncle Howard what he thought of it, all these animals and peoples were struggling in one great mass at the water's edge. Some were plung-

ing into it, while most of them were fighting among themselves, and finally, all were crushed under the advancing ice. It seemed also that darkness was growing upon the scene, and after all the animals had disappeared, the scene grew further away again, and just before it faded entirely away, the Earth was shown in a distance, entirely enveloped in ice.

"Wonderful, wonderful," insisted Uncle Howard, as Alice and I looked at each other in a very non-understanding way.

The scene then opened with President Wilson sitting in his library; he was reading from a large book—one of perhaps four hundred pages, and sheets of paper lay scattered upon his desk.

"What does this mean—the President reading a book?" asked Owen, himself answering after a second's pause, "Oh, I see through it all now: he is reviewing the history of the 'origin of man,' and he is preparing a message; I wonder what the message can be," and at this instance the scene shifted and part of the page of the President's book was shown, which was as follows:

gradually became dense and cold, and thus losing its radiant power; and after being enveloped with ice for many millions of years, our new sun was formed, which warmed the planet causing the ice to recede, and again life came. This time however

"What," said Uncle Howard, "the Glacial Period caused by a Sun growing cold and our present Sun not the one which warmed the Earth in the Pre-historic Age? I have read a good many books on Geology and Astronomy, but nothing that even hinted such a philosophy. Yet, it seems logical—the spectroscope has assured us that all planets are of the same composition—the science of Cosmology has revealed that they are formed by the same process and according to astronomers the Sun is shrinking at the rate of one hundred and twenty feet per year, and, of course, with this shrinkage it is growing denser and colder, so the assumption that the Earth was once a sun is not at all unreasonable. The Sun is now about one-fourth the density of the Earth, while Jupiter is but one-half. Yes, it is highly possible that this theory is correct; but, oh my, how it will be ridiculed by the 'learned professors' for a few years. You know it is impossible for anything new to be discovered and become an established truth, by an 'unrecognized' person when there are professionals in the business who are University graduates, and know all about everything. That would be very unethical."

By this time the scene of the book page had disappeared and the amoebea, sponge, coral, worm, to man, etc.—"the organic process," was being repeated quite rapidly. This time, however, all other

mammals besides man were excluded.

As the primitive man emerged, the scene faded into a number of them gathering berries in a berry patch, and placing them in large earthen bowls. There were apparently about the same number of men as there were women, but the men were not helping fill the bowls. About all they seemed to be doing was walking leisurely about, each watching all the others as if he were afraid of his wife being stolen. In the distance appeared a couple, the man carrying the bowl, and as they drew near we recognized them as being Mr. Carson and Miss Martin. Carson's long hair and woolly body and face, and his breechclout made of straw, and Miss Martin's leopard skin clothing (as all were dressed), also that we were not expecting to see them here, caused us to again wonder just what was coming. They came very near and set the bowl down, and both commenced picking berries; they were chatting merrily, and seemed to be more congenial than were any of the others.

Suddenly, and at the same instant, all looked up as if very much alarmed, then started running, leaving their berries behind, and no more had they started than the Despot appeared in hot pursuit, his only wearing apparel being a straw breechclout also.

The scene then shifted, showing a high cliff, the side of which was full of holes or caves, into which

these people were scrambling. There were some caves near the ground while others were high up the side of the cliff, and although the Despot had passed many of them, all the inhabitants were equally excited, acting as if afraid he would devour each and every one. It was plain to be seen that it was Miss Martin (hereinafter called Nell) he was after. She entered the cave a few feet behind Carson just as the Despot was about to catch her. The cave entrance, however, was too small to admit him, and he turned about for a moment, studying how he might get her. With gnashing teeth and a look of determination to have her at any cost, he climbed down the side of the cliff and disappeared, as all the inhabitants appeared at their cave openings, watching his procedure with intense interest. Then, as quick as a flash all darted back into their caves as he appeared, carrying a pole about twelve feet long, and proceeded to get his victim.

Suddenly stones began flying thick and fast from the cave, one striking him squarely on top of the head and throwing him head first to the ground, but as he was such a terrible giant, it stunned him for a moment only and soon he was up, looking more enraged than ever. Again he climbed towards the cave entrance, and succeeded in reaching it through a shower of rocks, many of which struck him with no effect except to make him all the more angry.

As he reached the mouth of the cave he began jabbing into it with the large end of his pole, and soon the stones ceased flying. It seemed for a second that his pole had become fastened, when with a great heave he jerked Carson, who had been holding on to it, into sight. The Despot tried to catch him by the hand but he got away, and after several such attempts to drag the pole from him (the Despot), Carson held on too long and was seized by the hand and dragged out, and after a severe choking was thrown to the ground below with terrific force.

The Despot then proceeded to bring Nell out by twisting the pole in her hair, and as soon as she was dragged to the open, he gave the pole a quick jerk which tore out most of it, and threw it to the ground (at which Ethel screamed quite loud); then picking her up and throwing her over his shoulder as if she were but a rag doll, he carried her away.

"I have visited the caverns of the old Cliff Dwellers along the Rio Grande River and this is very interesting," whispered Owen, as the scene started to fade away, and the following appeared over it in very large letters:

AND MIGHT WAS RIGHT

Again the book was shown just as the President was turning a page, showing the next one:

as the soil was very fertile in all the elements which Nature requires to make a strong and healthy body, and a clean, moral, and intellectual brain; and as there was no pandering of the false tastes of the people by unscrupulous food-manufacturers (assisted by clever ad-writers and endorsed by "scientific authorities", congressmen, etc.), who remove any or all of the twelve elements which Nature places in them to combat disease, and who use some twenty injurious and poisonous substances in embalming foods, which render it possible to hold said foods for top prices under the eyes of starving thousands; there was pure water to drink and pure air to breathe, no poisonous drugs and tobacco, no intoxicating liquor available, and men were non-polygamous. Thus intelligence grew very rapidly in the peoples of the Stone Age, and, through arbitration, MIGHT was relinquished to RIGHT, which marked the birth of the Golden or Saturnian Age, which lasted 1,728,000 years, and the people were free from restraint of laws; tradition, graft, and politics were yet unborn, and there were no private or co-operative interests to blight and crush the ambitions of the genius. They had neither ships nor weapons, wars nor soldiers, were all giants and lived upwards of 400 years; mutual and congenial love ruled the home, and each strove for: first, the consolation of his mate and children, then for the welfare of the whole race.

"Wonderful, the reaction from that, wonderful," said Uncle Howard, "and there's only one reason why such a life is not possible today—that reason is in the form of a disease; that disease is selfishness." Owen took a long breath and Ethel squirmed in her seat as the scene faded out with the page turning.

The picture then opened inside a primitive home, which seemed to be a realm of happiness for the occupants, Carson and Nell and two children, a boy about eight years old and a girl of about six. They were all dressed in similar garments, which extended to the knees and elbows, and seemed to be made from grass which was very artistically woven. Of this I am quite sure, as Nell was weaving one, while Carson was making a basket from coarser yet similar material. The children were playing in the center of the room.

They seemed to have very dark skin, and their long, coarse black hair was parted in the middle and braided in two large braids. There were many odd looking things about the room, none of which I have ever seen, but Owen said they were all to be seen in museums.

This faded out after a few seconds and was followed by an exterior scene, showing the door of this home at which Carson appeared with a small bowl, or rather it seemed to be more of an urn in his hand, and as he stopped and turned to kiss Nell

goodbye the children darted out under his arms, and were romping and scuffling as they followed their father to gather food, while Nell stood in the doorway laughing at their capers.

Just as she was closing the door the Despot came creeping around the corner of the house, watching Carson as he disappeared through the brush and trees.

The scene shifted back to the interior of the home showing Nell working away upon her garment. The door gradually began to open and the Despot was inside the room before she knew any one was near. She did not get excited as the average woman of today would, but looked at him in her usual kind way; yet she seemed puzzled and at a loss for a reason for his presence, while he with his ravaging countenance hesitated a moment, then leaped upon her like a cat leaping upon a mouse. The scene shifted to the berry-patch where Carson was busy filling his bowl, when suddenly he stopped picking and looked up as if he were thinking there was something wrong at home. As he hurriedly started off, the camera seemed to swing around in a way which followed him, and when but a short distance away the children were shown gathering flowers, and their father beckoned them to follow.

The scene shifted to the interior of the home with Nell just regaining consciousness, the Despot having fled. The father and children entered and Car-

son gathered her in his arms as she revealed the tragedy, while tears fell from his eyes upon her cheek. The children looked on in their puzzled way, while the little girl tried to console her mother by offering her the flowers she had gathered.

Suddenly the door opened with a slam and the Despot leaped in and upon Carson and threw him to the floor after his giant fingers had sunk deeply into his throat. Then he grabbed Nell and threw her out the door, knocking the children aside as if they were but sticks in his way, and as the scene was fading out, a reader appeared over it in large letters:

AND MIGHT WAS RIGHT

No one said a word, but all at about the same instant straightened up in their seats and took a deep breath.

The scene opened showing the President turning a page in his book at the end of the chapter and a new chapter was shown:

THE BIRTH OF AUTOCRACY

THE SILVER AGE

When vice began to creep into the world—as man developed a polygamous appetite, and through sheer brute-force caused woman to yield to his gratifications, the mating instinct, which is the most powerful and beautiful instinct existing, and upon which is founded the physical and intellectual success of any herd, tribe, or race, was lost. Man grew selfish and vain, and caused himself to believe that happiness existed only where self consolation was possible; laziness and brutality to women increased, and she, through fear of ridicule, chastisement, or execution, petted and fawned upon him as he forced her to feed him with the sweat of her brow, while his own hands were idle. Her version of happiness was escaping pain, and the more cruel and haughtily she was treated, the more she crowned him with laurels; then he laughed at her and called her **THE WEAKER SEX**, and the leopard has not changed his spots—the same law governs society today to a great degree.

This terrible wave of degradation marked the close of the Saturnian Age, and gave birth to the Silver or Autocratic Age, which lasted 1,296,000 years in all, and the people lived but 300 years owing to the increase of vice.

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As the page was turning the scene faded out and opened with the Despot fighting a duel with another very large man. They were dressed very peculiarly. It seemed that they each had a long cloth of some sort wrapped around their heads,

while they wore beaded gowns which extended almost to the knees. There were many others standing about who were watching the fight with much interest; also many slaves who were the guards or soldiers were standing with long spear-tipped poles and clubs in their hands. These, too, had their heads wrapped with some sort of cloth.

The Despot was victorious, and as the crowd was cheering their new king and the defeated man was kissing his feet, the scene faded out; then immediately opened showing the interior of a sumptuous palace, which Uncle Howard seemed to think was hardly elaborate enough to be of the Egyptian type, yet he knew not what kind nor where it may have been, as it represented an epoch in history much older than any he had ever found records of. At any rate, the king was seated in a mammoth and handsomely carved chair, picking from the throng that was passing, the prettiest women for his harem, while the husbands of these unfortunate women were forced to go away without them—his slaves occasionally punching one with a spear as he grieved in useless protest.

Carson and Nell appeared in the crowd after a short while, and when he saw Nell he smiled broadly and rolled his knaving eyes as he ordered her to be seated at his feet—laughing at Carson as he passed on, weeping bitterly and looking back at Nell, whose face was buried in her lap, weeping also.

The scene then faded out and opened in another room which also was elaborately decorated. Near the king were seated many beautiful women, one of which was Nell, while others were lying about the room on pillows. Some were almost nude and dancing before him, while still others were placing a beaded crown upon his head and rings and beads upon his fingers and toes; and just as the epoch was closing, Carson appeared up in the corner of the picture wringing his hands in despair, after which all faded out.

"The intelligence behind the present day Autocracy is not one bit above that," whispered Uncle Howard. "It is even worse. for HIS ambition desires that all those whom HE cannot use for personal profit be crushed. That's what tradition has done for the world—it has perpetuated such fallacies throughout all the ages. Man is superior to woman because might is right—he is three and she is one; she is not welcomed into the world at birth, as every parent wants a boy baby; kind words are seldom said to her and never about her until she is dead; she is but a commodity for him, and she will thus remain until the perseverance of intelligence shall dethrone ignorance."

By this time the page ending the chapter of the book which the President was reading, had turned and the first page of a new chapter was upon the screen, which was as follows:

THE BIRTH OF SUPERSTITION

THE BRAZEN AGE

*"Superstition is a combination
of imagination with ignorance."*

Although the common peoples had helplessly observed their *superiors* enjoying privileges which were denied them throughout the Silver Age, they were not at all satisfied with such activities and finally conceived the idea of organization. Their strength had been but the strength of one man, while the strength of the rulers was the combined strength of all his guards. This brought revolution which marked the close of the Silver Age, and the birth of the Brazen Age, which lasted 864,000 years in all. It was violent and savage, and marked with numerous wars, and owing to the increase of vice, man lived but 200 years. All wars, however, were won by the ruling class—Autocracy, which, immediately upon realizing its helplessness against righteousness and the combined physical strength of the servants, invented superstition (which, like man's predominance over woman, still survives) by which they were subdued and caused to beg for mercy. However, this superstition did not attempt to foil vice but openly encouraged it—women were made to believe that it was a virtue to be approached by a ruler, and to satisfy his gratifications.

Woman looked upon man with fear and ab-

"I don't see any sense in making all these quotations about people living from two to four hundred years, and if one would figure up all the years that this thing claims the world has stood, I think it would amount to about fifty millions; it is perfectly absurd," snapped Ethel as part of the following page of the President's book was shown:

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THE BRAZEN AGE

horrence and always received him with reproach, and embryologists will unanimously agree that it would be impossible for each offspring to be other than more furious than the parents.

Man's only ambition was to be a ruler, therefore, he did nothing but fight, and force women to supply him with *food*, provide him with *shelter* and furnish him with *clothing*; his body was polluted with disease, and he tore her down physically with himself, and had it not been for the presence of an occasional genius, who possessed the ability to observe beyond such fallacies, doubtless, the race would have become extinct during this age.

And Ethel went on: "I heard Dr. Gray, who is the dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, say recently, that it is just 6218 years since God made Adam; he is a very nice man and everybody likes him, and he certainly must know what he is talking about or he couldn't hold such a position as that. And there's one thing sure, and that is I am not one bit superstitious. Why, I would just as soon start on a trip on Friday the thirteenth as

any other day."

Uncle Howard made several notes in his little book and we could see that he was highly pleased with the morale, but he made no comment; however, he smiled broadly at what Ethel had to say, and then seemed as much surprised at Owen's answer as I was. Owen said:

"There is no doubt that Dr. Gray was conscientious in making such a statement, and I need not attack his personal integrity, nor do I want to injure your feelings by saying that the source of his evidence is but mediaeval dreams—it is honest ignorance with him, and he would no more believe it if he knew anything about Paleontology than a chemist believes Jesus made wine out of water; while the evidence herein put forth is facts. History's pages in the rocks are as intelligible to the eye of the modern Geologist as are the words on that screen to yours. Doubtless the World is upwards of one hundred million years old."

What surprised us so much was to find that Owen knew all this, for all he ever seemed inclined to talk about was his good dancing and his faculty for making love to any and all the ladies he cared to approach, his great foot-ball career, and his ability to compile college yells; all of which we had explained to Uncle Howard at the supper table.

A desperate struggle between an infuriated mob and the guards of a king was now being shown,

fighting near the opened gates of a very high wall which surrounded his castle. The king (the Despot) was directing the fighting—forcing his men at the point of a long sharp spear. However, he did not remain long. As soon as he saw that victory was impossible, he retreated through, and closed the gates, leaving his guards to the mercy of the mob. Immediately they surrendered and joined in the attack upon the king, and soon the united forces were battering down the gates with large and long poles which they bore upon their shoulders. Carson was the director, but instead of driving the forces with a spear at their backs, he was leading them and was one of the hardest fighters.

The scene shifted to the interior of the garden, showing the gates as they gave way under the strain, and soon the mob came pouring in by the thousands, it seemed, while the theatre fairly shook with the applause of the audience—Ethel being among the most enthused.

In the distance we could see a very strange object but were unable to tell just what it might be. It seemed that this was now the center of attraction, for the mob was raging towards it. We were quite sure, however, that it was a stronger fortification of the king's, but when the scene shifted to a closer view, it proved to be quite the contrary. The object was a statue of a very desperate looking animal. It looked something like an alligator

I saw in a show one time, but it was a hundred times more furious looking. Owen said it was a dragon—the God, which the people worshiped. In front of this strange thing was a priest kneeling and praying, while the king stood near with raised hands, ordering the mob to stop; and as they neared, the priest arose, raising one hand towards them, while with the other he touched the tongue of the dragon from which leaped great sparks of electricity. Carson urged them to crush both the king and the priest, but they only turned upon him and bore him to the ground, and as the scene faded out they were kissing the king's feet and the hem of his garments, and kneeling before the priest.

"The dragons of primitive men were made from copper or bronze," explained Uncle Howard, as the final scene was in progress, "and after standing in all kinds of weather for a long while, they became charged with static electricity, and when any one touched it with their bare hands and the ground was damp, the current was grounded through them, and it was the duty of the priest to educate the common people that this was the wrath of the Divine Spirit, and that it had been brought about by their disobedience to *his* revealed laws. The priest taught them that he was the mediator between them and this Divine Spirit, and that should they refuse to be meek and obedient to him and the king, after this warning, they would be wiped off

the face of the earth."

He has since told us much about these ancient gods. Some of them, he says, were hollow and were made of stone, and when the food supply of the priests became low, they would inform the people that they had received a revelation from the Divinity, that *he* was about to allow *his* wrath to fall upon them, and that their only means of escape was to "offer up" large quantities of the choicest meat, by placing it at the foot of the god where the Divinity would come "in the darkness of the night and devour the spirit of the meat", leaving the flesh for them (the priests); and if they (the people) were inclined to be skeptical about these revelations and did not respond quickly with the sacrifices, the priests would build a fire inside the hollow of the god, and when they saw the smoke rolling from the top of the image, they would often hurry to sacrifice their last morsel of food.

"Read the tenth verse of the third chapter of Malachi," he told us, "and you may see some things in life which you have heretofore not observed."

"The Chinese funeral of today," he told us later, "is marked with a custom which has evolved from this source. After the deceased has been buried, his friends never fail to place a roast pig, stuffed with dressing and all the other 'trimmins'—salads, cake, etc., upon the head of the grave, which is followed by a scene of feasting hobos at nightfall."

Following the demonstration before the king and his priest and dragon, the President's book appeared as the page was turning, closing the chapter, and two pages of a new chapter were shown:

THE HEROIC AGE

Through the resourceful work of a very few individuals of high moral caliber and profound integrity, Autocracy weakened at times and received numerous defeats, which marked the close of the Brazen Age, and simultaneously the birth of the Heroic Age; so named, in honor of these courageous few. However, superstition lingered and exploitation upon women grew. Virgins were annually sold at public auction to the highest bidders, and it was the sacred duty of every woman, humble or high-brow, to at some time during her life, publicly prostitute herself to attract strangers to the city of Bael (Babylonia). This sacrifice was paid for by the strangers and to the fathers and husbands of these women, who in turn spent it lavishly upon the king and the priests, (for political influence) purchasing for them beautiful garments and erecting mammoth castles, while they themselves were poorly clad, and their wives often shivered from lack of clothing and comfortable shelter, and were weak from hunger.

*"True insight into natural phenomena was prevented and progress beyond the surface of things stopped by their religion, which had a multitude of gods, who were supposed to bring about in an irregular and capricious manner all the changes in nature, and all the misfortunes which happened to

*American College Course, Volume 2, page 20.

“The world has seen thousands of gods,” whispered Uncle Howard, “every one of them was tender and loving, bloodthirsty and hateful, and all insisted upon having a vast number of priests whose hands could never work, and yet whose mouths were to be fed. The business of these priests was to tell the people of the great power which was in the hands of their god, and how easily HE could conquer, not only them, but all the other gods, and their peoples as well; and queerest of all, as it may seem to many people of today, no god would ever allow them (the priests) to engage in battle.

“They pointed out to their peoples the ease with which their god and HIS angels placed the Sun in a hole in the Earth at night time; later, they told them that HE carried it around the Earth at night, and that HE at one time held the Sun in the palms of HIS hands for three days so HIS chosen people might win a great battle. Some of these gods had thousands of arms and millions of eyes, and were so precise in keeping THEIR records that THEY even counted the hairs in every head that entered THEIR *kingdoms*.”

The next page of the President's book was then shown:

the people; thus foresight and medicine were neglected, and unavailing prayers and useless sacrifices offered to propitiate the deities who were imagined to hold the destiny of the human race in their hands."

"Poets polished their literary gems with a gloss of mythology and were rewarded by the priests for so doing." This, too, society has little changed.

At their annual marriage markets when all marriageable daughters were congregated for the auction, the most beautiful were selected by the priests to be sacrificed to the God, upon whose lap they were placed to die of starvation, or to be devoured by the lions if they jumped, the worshipers believed; but after they had retired the priests came and took away the sacrifices to their temples and kept them there until they grew tired of them, whereupon they were exported to other regions and sold. Thus White Slavery was practiced over 4,000 years ago.

This age lasted 432,000 years in all, and owing to the rapid increase of vice—which limitation—impairment of intellectual and physical vigor, caused man's life to shorten to 100 years.

The Heroic Age ended with the fall of Rome A. D. 476.

"These priests taught their peoples to believe that most of their prayers would be answered, providing they were loyal to them (the priests) and their kings, while at the same time they would point out the ridiculousness of the other tribes, claiming that their prayers were answered also. Each creed was

so convinced that all the good in the world was contained in their narrow confines, that all others were branded vicious and immoral; and our present day religious ethics have changed but little.

“Recently I heard the choir leader of one of our great evangelists say that the Kaiser is foolish enough to believe that he is an apostle of God and can hold divine communication with him every day, immediately after which he sang his favorite song: ‘I Walk And I Talk With the King’.

“The truth is, even if these priests are yet able to throw sand into the eyes of a vast majority of people, intelligence is growing slowly, and thinkers are being less persecuted than in olden days—no more burning at the stake nor tongues torn out with red-hot pincers in the hands of priests for historical criticism; not because the desire is not there still, but because of the lack of power. Science is daily opening many fields long hid in myth and conjure behind their robes—man has begun to realize that his greatest benefactors have been: not those who have filled his mind with dreams, fear and superstition, selfishness, lies and greed, but those who have brushed the mediaeval thorns of ignorance from his path and strewn it with flowers of harmony, love and truth, justice, knowledge and freedom.

“I heard this same great evangelist say that the universities are teaching too many isms and ologies,

which are yielding too many Free-thinkers, and is one of the curses of the times. He also said: 'You give Evolution full swing and you will have two hemispheres of crime and a thousand penitentiaries and lazarettos and brothels.' We would stand a fine chance in winning this war without our universities, with their science and 'ologies,' and of political economy he knows about as much as a four-year old child.

"The motives of priests have ever been and will always be the same, and mental slavery will survive as long as they exist." And then he recited one of his favorite epigrams:

"All good is product of truth—truth is deduction from facts—facts pervade myths in the permeating eyes of the intelligent; lies are products of desire—desire flatters the trusting minds of innocence—suckles the life-blood and throttles the ambition of the child—from the deception and mis-education of the child springs all evil."

THE MARRIAGE MARKET OF BABYLON

appeared in a reader, after which a marriage market was shown in progress. Many maidens were waiting, while several were being led away by their purchasers, and one was upon the slave block being auctioned off. When the bidders quit she was pronounced "sold" and as she descended another came up, and when she turned we saw that it was Nell.

"I think that is nonsense," snapped Ethel, "to be using the same characters in different ages. I don't believe in transmigration of the soul; perhaps if I lived in the Orient I would appreciate it more."

"Transmigration the dickens!" echoed Uncle Howard, "there is not the least hint of it. Didn't you see the SYMBOLIZING, as each character was introduced? The man who wrote this doesn't harbor a single metaphysical thought. But when we think it over seriously, can we say that our modern marriage markets are very much better than those? When a city woman or man wish to procure a mate for a dog or cat, or a farmer seeks one for his horses, hogs, or cattle, the first thing they take into consideration is health and stamina, and then they inquire about the pedigree; but when a daughter tells her parents she has selected the man she wishes for her husband, it is the duty of the father to look up the commercial rating of his prospective son-in-law—'How much money has he got?'

Did you ever wonder why there are no feeble minded or insane domestic animals?" after which not a word was spoken for some time.

She had but reached the third step in ascending upon the slave-block when the priest caught a glimpse of her, and immediately ordered her to be taken away to be offered as a sacrifice to the god. The king, who was seated nearby, elaborately dressed and in an easy and magnificent chair, nodded his approval. Carson was standing among the bidders and looked as if he would like to crush the throats of both the priest and the king, as the former's eyes plainly disclosed his motive, which was unseen by the ignorant mass, and which they would not even think of suspecting. As his wicked eyes followed Nell and her bearers (the slaves) away, the scene faded out.

The scene opened showing the interior of a large garden, somewhat similar to the one previously shown, only smaller. In the center of this one was a large statue which was perhaps twenty feet high. It was in a sitting position, and perhaps eight or ten feet to the lap. This was the god to whom the sacrifice was to be made.

Presently the worshipers appeared, led by the king and priest, and followed closely by Nell and her supporters—the slaves. They proceeded to the god upon the lap of which she was immediately lifted; and after a brief ceremony wherein the priest

first knelt and kissed the feet of the god, then arose and waved his arms high in the air and made many bows, concluding his services by turning to the audience who were all on their knees, and with his head lifted and eyes closed, made a short prayer; after which all withdrew, leaving Nell alone and very much frightened.

Differing from the other garden, this one had slatted gates, or rather they were made from timbers about the size of what we call four-by-fours, on the farm, while the other one had solid gates and much heavier.

As the last of the worshipers passed through the gates they were closed behind them, and as they turned and were looking through them at the sacrificed one for the last time, the scene shifted, showing the interior of a lion's den, which was a high walled enclosure (about the same height of the garden wall) and perhaps fifty feet square. There were two lions in it and when a slave opened the gate (working from above), they bounded out and toward the god and the sacrifice at top speed, and when about half way there the scene shifted to the previous one as the worshipers were turning with hands over eyes. Not wishing to see the bloody feast, they disappeared, seemingly very much grieved.

Then the scene shifted back to the first position, showing the lions coming rapidly as Nell cringed with agony, and I am quite sure that every woman

in the house screamed, while several near fainted. Alice had her hand on my arm, and it seemed that she sank her finger nails into the flesh so deep that the circulation almost stopped.

When less than thirty yards away, a fence, which had been secreted in the dust, raised on all four sides, entirely enclosing the god and saving Nell from the gnashing teeth of the ferocious beasts; and as they bounded against the fence a very sanctified looking woman across the aisle from me shouted at the top of her voice: "Oh praise the Lord!", and then became quite huffy when everybody laughed.

The scene shifted back to the den where the slave was pounding against the door with a club and was throwing meat upon the ground, and soon the lions were again closed behind the gates.

Immediately the priest and several slaves appeared upon the scene, and after laying back the fence, proceeded to take Nell away. She was frightened almost into insanity, it seemed, and fought them furiously; and as the slaves bore her away, half dragging her, the scene faded out, while the priest was laughing at the ignorance of the worshippers.

Following this the President was shown to be selecting several books from his library shelves, after which he walked to his desk and laid them down, seated himself, opened one, and began reading.

ACCORDING TO FRENCH HISTORY

appeared in a reader, and what followed was so different from anything I have ever seen in pictures that I hardly know how to describe it. It seemed that Carson was the son of a French nobleman, and was a strong advocate of freedom of speech and freedom of religion, and openly found fault with the union of State and Church.

The king was a willy-nilly sort of a fellow who feared dethroning should he commit himself either for or against, but the queen was firm, and seemed to be so eager to regain this union that she was willing to resort to anything that might bring it about, and was in favor of killing all the Calvinists. Their daughter (Nell), however, was very much in favor of freedom of both religion and of speech, and in her sweet way did all in her power to extract promises from her father that he would never consent to the persecution of the reformers. Carson and Nell were seen together very much by her uncle, the king's brother, which was much to his disliking, as he had a worthless creditor whose son was much enamored of the young princess. Much was the trouble of these young people, which finally culminated in the queen giving a great royal festival, at which great care was exercised to get the king drunk and his signature attached to the order of persecution, which immediately became operative,

and before the next morning thousands of the Calvinists were killed. During the night Carson was caught assisting some of the unfortunates to safety, and the next morning was brought before the chief justice (the Despot) and was found guilty; and as he was shown paying a martyr's penalty upon the guillotine the epoch faded out.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

The ceaseless efforts of the Genius was next shown in Columbus (Carson), before the Queen of Spain (following the above reader), who pledged her jewels that he might have ships to explore the Western ocean in an endeavor to reach the East, regardless of the sneers of all of the wise men of the age.

He was shown as he was discovering the new country, trading with the Indians, and so on, after which he set about to bring into reality his visioned utopia, where Democracy could be realized in a grand splendor of simplicity, by returning to Spain for further supplies and more people, and finally ending as he was shown to return to Spain the second time in chains.

In the meantime autocratic control was slowly but steadily weaving its chains around the newly established colonists; not only by Spain, but by all the kingdoms of Europe, who hastened to acquire dominion in the newly discovered land.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

was the next announcement, and the personification of the Genius was suggested in George Washington. His early environment was covered briefly, showing numerous things that caused him to feel at odds with autocratic domination and his dreams of Democracy governing his beloved country, closing after some of his ideas of such a realm of contentment had been brought out.

Uncle Sam then appeared with a large book in his hands, and as he slowly opened it, showing the frontis-piece, he carried it nearer the camera—so near that only one page could be seen, upon which was printed in very heavy type:

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

After showing this for a few seconds the page slowly turned, showing:

DECLARATION AND RESOLVES OF
THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

Then again, after showing a few seconds, this page turned, showing:

DECLARATION OF THE CAUSES
AND NECESSITY OF TAKING UP ARMS

And after this page turned:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

appeared, then the book faded out.

A combined infantry and artillery battle was next shown—men fighting with old fashioned weapons. It was what would be considered a small skirmish today, and as it was fading away a reader appeared over it:

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

Uncle Sam then turned another page of the U. S. History, showing:

TREATY WITH FRANCE

which dissolved into another battle over which appeared:

BATTLE OF YORKTOWN

And as it came to a close, Lord Cornwallis (the Despot) surrendered the sword to Washington (Carson), while Lafayette was standing near.

“That act produced the hub of what I sincerely believe will be a real democracy in the not-very-distant future,” whispered Uncle Howard, breaking a half-hour’s silence, “and I hope that I can live to see

the completion of the wheel.”

The signers of the Constitution were then shown affixing their signatures to the document, after which Uncle Sam turned another page of history, showing:

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

Then came the scene of a woman being burned with hot irons and small torches—being tortured in numerous ways, and after the fire had been slowly drawn nearer and had entirely enveloped her writhing form, a reader appeared over the scene:

STATISTICS SHOW THAT THE PRACTICE OF
WITCHCRAFT BROUGHT DEATH TO OVER NINE
MILLION INNOCENT WOMEN IN EUROPE
ALONE

“Our great evangelist says: ‘When the Bible speaks there’s no appeal—that settles all; there’s not a single word in it that should not be obeyed and that is not the inspired word of God,’” said Uncle Howard, and went on: “I wonder what sort of explanation he has to offer for this law—the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Exodus,” as Uncle Sam turned another page of history showing:

WITCHCRAFT ABOLISHED

CHATTEL SLAVERY ABOLISHED

appeared, and the next embodiment of the Genius was shown in Abraham Lincoln, covering his early environment and his vision of what truth and justice could achieve. In one of these scenes a memorable phrase of Lincoln's appeared, which brought forth a roar of applause. It read:

"Inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such good things ought to belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened in all the ages of the world that some have labored and others without labor have enjoyed a large portion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government."

Slaves were shown under the lash and on the auction block, the Despot among the bidders, and after several battles were suggested, General Lee was shown surrendering his sword to General Grant at the Appomattox Court House.

"I was right on the spot when that historical event took place and this is a pretty fair representation of it," whispered Uncle Howard, as the scene dissolved into the history with a page turning, and showed:

ALL MEN DECLARED FREE AND EQUAL

and in a few seconds this page turned, showing:

SENATE ORDERS INVESTIGATION OF HIGH COST OF LIVING

and the scene faded out after this page was turned, showing:

VICE INVESTIGATION HELD

The scene opened with Ex-Ambassador Gerard and the Despot (impersonating the German Kaiser) sitting in the shade of some large palms in a magnificent garden, deeply interested in conversation, which, after a short while faded out.

Then Mr. Gerard was shown talking to a gentleman in a hotel lobby, who, Uncle Howard said, was personifying Karl Liebknecht, a German Socialist leader and former member of the German Reichstag, who, for many years, tried to overthrow the German military system and was severely punished and imprisoned for writing a book on MILITARISM, which Uncle Howard had read.

After this faded out a German regiment was shown standing at attention, listening to the reading of a message by a general and from the Kaiser, the latter part of which was shown, and was as follows:

for there is no law but my law—no will but mine; we are bound together, I and the Army by God's will. Rely upon us and trust my direction, to which God in his wisdom has called me.

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.

"Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

The signature at the bottom of the message was so mussed up that none of us could make it out, but we were sure that it was the Kaiser's.

After showing this message the scene of the general reading the last words, returned, and as he folded and placed it in his pocket the chaplain stepped forward, and as he raised his hands and as all the men, including the general, knelt, a reader appeared which showed the composition of his prayer:

THOUGH THE WARRIOR'S BREAD BE SCANTY
DO THOU WORK DAILY DEATH AND TENFOLD
WOE UPON THE ENEMY. FORGIVE IN MERCI-
FUL LONG-SUFFERING EACH BULLET AND
EACH BLOW WHICH MISSES ITS MARK! LEAD
US NOT INTO THE TEMPTATION OF LETTING
OUR WRATH BE TOO TAME IN CARRYING OUT
THY DIVINE JUDGMENT! DELIVER US AND
OUR ALLY FROM THE INFERNAL ENEMY AND
HIS SERVANTS ON EARTH. THINE IS THE
KINGDOM, THE FATHERLAND: MAY WE, BY
AID OF THY STEEL-CLAD HAND, ACHIEVE THE
POWER AND THE GLORY. A-MEN.

As the army was shown to arise and march away in goose-step, and the scene was fading out, Uncle Howard said that he had read this prayer and many others of a similar tone, by various German preachers, in a volume: Hurrah and Hallelujah, written by J. P. Bang, Professor of Theology at the University of Copenhagen.

As the German soldiers were shown devastating and inflicting various brutalities in Belgium, Uncle Howard said that the Kaiser also offered as proof of his Divine right to crush Poland, Belgium, France, etc., many passages from the Bible, some of which are:

"When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it.

"And it shall be, if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be, that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee.

"And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it.

"And when the LORD thy God hath delivered it into thine hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of a sword:

"But the women, and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself; and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which the LORD thy God hath given thee.

"Thus shalt thou do unto the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations.

"But of the cities of these people, which the LORD thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth.

Deut. 20: 10 to 16.

"When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the LORD thy God hath delivered them into thine hands and thou hast taken them captive,

"And seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldst have her to be thy wife;

"Then thou shalt bring her home to thine house; and she shall shave her head and pare her nails;

"And it shall be, if thou have no delight in her, then thou shalt let her go whither she will."

Deut. 21: 10, 11, 12, 14.

"The bible had spoken, and every law was obeyed, it had spoken through the Divine apostle—another great evangelist, and there was no appeal—that settled all," insisted Uncle Howard, and words are not within my finding that can describe the *frightfulness* which these "Heaven-seeking, devil-fearing, and God-loving patriots", as he called them, exercised in carrying out the will of the great prophet.

Among the brutalities shown were long lines of boys from ten to fifteen years old having their right hands cut off, to prevent them later becoming soldiers, and thrown into garbage barrels right before their own eyes. Men were bound with ropes and then thrown into the flames of their burning homes, while others were hanged by the feet over slow fires and slowly tortured to death. Another scene showed a whole family being bayoneted, including a beautiful girl of about eighteen, by these infuriated beasts—"the glory of the Fath-

erland who are to sit on the clouds all through eternity, and tickle the ears of their Heavenly Father with mellow strains from golden harps," suggested Uncle Howard, as Ethel looked at him in a puzzled mood.

In most cases it seemed that the young girls were taken away by the soldiers, and later it was indicated that one hundred and fifty nurses were sent into Belgium from Germany to carry the babies of these young women back into the interior as soon as they were born, but owing to their abhorrence of the brutal fathers, many of these unwilling mothers dashed out the brains of their infants immediately after birth, and were shown in line waiting for the surgeon's knife which unsexed them—the penalty imposed for their act, after which they were imported into Germany as slaves.

A young man was shown where he had been tied to a tree and disemboweled; peasants were shot in the fields and their oxen slaughtered and prepared for food; women and children were shown hovering about a tiny lamp in the corner of a roofless basement at night-time; German soldiers eating their rice, seemingly in great glee, while hundreds of corpses lay about them, and also German soldiers firing upon ambulances carrying the Red Cross sign; but the most pitiful sight was of a little child perhaps two years old, picking up a dead kitten, after which it walked to its mother, who was lying dead,

upon the doorstep of a destroyed home. The child was so weak it could hardly walk, and no doubt both the mother and kitten had died of starvation. As the little thing fell upon its mother, still grasping the dead kitten, it slowly opened her dress and began nursing. Handkerchiefs were seen and sobs heard all over the house, but these soon were replaced by shouts of vengeance when the scene shifted and the Kaiser was shown praying upon his knees. This scene was followed by a reader—one of his prayers—which brought more harsh words from many who had heretofore been semi-conscious of the situation. The reader was :

OH ALMIGHTY GOD—CREATOR OF ALL THAT IS GOOD—WELL DO I KNOW THAT THOU AND THOU ALONE HAST GIVEN ME THE CROWN. AND THAT IT IS THE CAUSE OF JESUS IN MANKIND THAT WE FIGHT AFTER THY COMMAND; WE KNOW THAT THOU ART OUR MOST POWERFUL ALLY, AND THAT SINCE THE TIME OF THE GREAT ELECTOR AND GREAT KING, THOU HAST ALWAYE BEEN ON OUR SIDE. ON ME THY SPIRIT HAS DESCENDED—I AM THY WEAPON, THY SWORD AND THY VICE-REGENT. WOE TO THE DISOBEDIENT, DEATH TO THE COWARDS AND UNBELIEVERS. WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT THOU STILL HAST IN STORE FOR US, BUT WE HAVE SEEN IN THE PAST HOW THY HAND HAST SO VISIBLY PREVAILED—PUNISHED TREACHERY AND AWARDED HEROIC PERSISTENCE. FROM THIS WE HAVE GAINED FULL CONFIDENCE THAT THOU WILT BE WITH US IN THE FUTURE. A-MEN.

After the scene returned to the pillaging and the devastated districts, a placard in Belgian script was shown, posted upon a building at a prominent corner, with many men gathered about reading it, after which the translation was shown in English:

ALL MEN, NOT PRIESTS OR CLERGYMEN, OR WHO DO NOT BELONG TO THE CITY COUNCIL MUST BE AT THIS PLACE NEXT MONDAY MORNING AT HALF PAST FIVE, WITH ONE SUIT OF CLOTHES, ONE PAIR SHOES, ONE OVERCOAT, ONE HAT OR CAP, ONE EACH—KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON, ONE DRINKING CUP AND ONE TIN PLATE.

Then came the sorrowing morning, showing the heartless soldiers tearing babies from the arms of fathers, wives from their husbands, and mothers from their sons. As they marched down the cobblestones between two lines of soldiers, women were seen running along the outside of the line endeavoring to pass bundles of food and clothing to their dear ones, but at every attempt they were knocked down by the soldiers.

It was then suggested that most of these men were unsexed before they were put to work for the German government.

"In obedience to 2 Kings XX 18, which God has called the Kaiser's attention to", insisted Uncle Howard.

Women and children were shown, marching before

German soldiers to prevent their being fired upon by the French and English; children screaming and mothers crying, while the soldiers forced them along with their bayonets; Serbian children eating grape leaves and buds, and a Belgian peasant woman churning condensed cream which had been given to her by the American Relief Association, and because she could get no butter, threw it away while her children cried with hunger, as she thought there were "devils in it", and there was no priest near to remove them. The scene faded out, showing the historic Rheims Cathedral in ruins, which the French peasants had believed to be under divine protection and immune from shell fire.

The United States History then appeared as a page was turning which caused a good many to smile. It showed:

VICE INVESTIGATION HELD

A carload of potatoes being dumped into a river was next shown, that reminded Uncle Howard of an incident which he related and which interested us very much. He said: "Last Fall I met a gentleman, an attorney for a Chicago wholesale grocery house, on the train, who became quite angry when I showed him an editorial in the Illinois State Register (Springfield) headlined:

HOW PRICES ARE KEPT UP

explaining that four cars of potatoes had lately been dumped into the Illinois River at Peoria. He said that it wasn't true, for he was appointed by the Government to investigate the matter and found it baseless, but when I reminded him that men, for various reasons, are often successful in finding conclusive evidence with but little effort, and asked him if most of his report wasn't made out before he went to Peoria, he refused to answer. And this reminds me of something else I must tell you," he continued, as several like scenes were shown—grapes being dumped into Frisco Bay, apples, peaches, pears, and oranges being dumped from cars on the Western plains, baled cotton being burned, etc.—"A short while after this meeting, I was in a barber shop at 344 North Clark street (Chicago) and heard an official of another wholesale grocery house say that his firm was selling pork at \$36.50 that only cost them \$25.60, and when the barber, who was shaving him, remarked that that was certainly a good profit, he answered: 'What's the difference so long as the Government is paying the bills', and today this same firm maintains that it is very patriotic."

Several freight cars upon the sides of which were marked:

HOLD—SPUDS

were now being shown with their cargoes being dumped upon a large pile of various rotten food-stuffs.

Owen said that he was in Chicago last November and had seen this very pile; that it was at West Chicago, and was from ten to fifty feet high and two hundred yards long. After shifting to a freight yard wherein many cars were thus marked, the scene faded out.

The scene opened in front of a large business office on a very busy street. Upon the large plate glass appeared:

THE J. C. BLACKMAN PACKING COMPANY CITY OFFICES

In the corner of the window was a large card upon which was printed: EXPERT ACCOUNTANT WANTED

Presently Carson came along and saw the card. He looked quite sickly and seemed to be very downhearted, but when he saw the card he straightened up as much as possible and entered the door, adjusting his necktie.

The scene shifted to the interior as he stepped inside, removing his hat, and looking as if he were quite afraid. He walked to a desk upon which was an INFORMATION sign, and stated his wants to the young lady, who, after delivering the message, beckoned Carson into a private office.

The scene shifted to the interior of this office with a shallow looking young man about twenty-two years old, with thumbs in vest sleeves and smoking a cigarette, sitting behind a desk upon which his name: Mr. J. C. Blackman, Jr., was noticed, as Carson entered.

"He looks as if he thinks he is about as important as a police judge when a criminal faces him", interjected Uncle Howard, as Carson was being questioned.

When the young man had apparently satisfied himself that Carson would be competent to fill the position, he entered an adjoining room, upon the door of which was printed: J. C. BLACKMAN, SR., PRIVATE, and after a few seconds, during which time Carson was nervously wrapping his cap about his hands, he opened the door and invited Carson inside. As Carson arose and started toward the door, the scene shifted, showing him entering the senior's office. A man of about fifty-five, with heavy eye-brows, black mustache, and a very unpleasant and cross look, was seated at his desk. Shortly after he directed Carson to be seated, he asked him where he had been working (which we could understand from the motions of his mouth), and when Carson answered, he reached for the telephone and called a number, which we understood was for the head of the firm, to find their reason for discharging him. He continued talking to Carson while wait-

ing for the other party to answer, asking him numerous questions, as Carson grew more nervous, and it was not long until we quite well understood what the nervousness was all about, for as soon as his first question over the phone was answered, he slammed the receiver into the hook and as he turned to Carson, looking as mad as a biting sow, a reader appeared :

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TAKE UP A BUSY MAN'S TIME IN THIS WAY FOR—I'LL BET YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD DOZENS OF TIMES THAT NO **REPUTABLE** BUSINESS FIRM WILL EMPLOY A MAN WITH THE CON. GET OUT OF HERE YOU SKUNK!

Carson arose and left the room. As he passed through young Blackman's room he looked as if he was expecting to get an ink bottle at the back of the head, while the young alek looked daggers at him.

Carson was then shown emerging from the building, after which he walked some distance away and stopped to study for a moment.

The scene shifted back for a few seconds to where the long lines of freight cars were shown in the freight yards. By this we understood that he was thinking about all this waste food, that he was so much in need of and which he could not get.

Soon a very large and luxurious car rolled up in front of the building, then drove away after young

Blackman had entered, while Carson, who was standing some distance away with one foot on a garbage box and his elbow on his knee, watched very closely. The scene faded away as the car disappeared.

The next scene was of a luxurious mansion surrounded by a high stone wall and with high steel gates, behind which were several cannon, while the muzzles of several machine guns extended from the coping. Presently young Blackman's car appeared and as he emerged, the lackey came running from the house and unlocked the gate. He was wearing knee-pants and his hair was bobbed just above the shoulders; he had large silver buckles on his slippers, and around the bottom of his pant legs were wide ribbons with large bows on the outside, and on these were large silver buckles, also. As he opened the gate he made a polite bow to the young man, who hurried into the house while the lackey waited at the gate, and the car stood at the curb-stone.

After a short while the lackey suddenly turned as if he had heard a noise in the direction from which the young man had come, and in a second another large car drove up behind the first one, from which the elder Blackman emerged, who, after speaking a few words to his chauffeur, proceeded toward the gate as the car drove away. The lackey greeted him with a polite bow which he seemingly did not see.

Just as the father stepped inside of the gate, the young man came out of the house in a great hurry, and when the father tried to halt him he smiled broadly and waved his cane high in the air, and while instructing his chauffeur he lighted a cigarette; then adjusted his silk hat as he entered the car, and the scene faded out as the car rolled away with him looking back at his father with a sarcastic smile, which seemed to suggest: "You poor old fogie."

The next scene showed Carson breaking a seal on a car in the yards previously shown. It was a C. & N. W. car, number 896698, upon which was a HOLD card. After entering the car he lighted a candle which he allowed to drip upon the batting of the car door, then set the candle in the hot tallow to hold it securely, after which he filled his sack with the best potatoes he could find. We could see that the most of them were quite rotten, therefore, it was necessary for him to handle quite a few before he got what he could carry, which was not very many, as he was too weak. He then put out the candle and climbed out and the scene faded out as he closed the door and walked away.

The interior of an elaborately decorated dining room with many gay women and men dining and drinking was next shown. Just in front of the stage, upon which a dozen near-nude girls were dancing, sat Blackman at a table with three attractive and

thinly-clad women, all smoking cigarettes and drinking. Blackman was so drunk that he could hardly sit up, yet he was able to throw money at the dancers, who bowed, smiled, and threw kisses at him as they gathered it up.

Presently another most fascinating dancer appeared upon the stage, whose only wearing apparel was a small American flag wrapped around her. Needless to say, that she made a great hit as she glided about so charmingly upon her bare toes, waving her arms in graceful curves; and as the enthusiastic and "patriotic" diners arose to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner," Blackman failed to get properly balanced, and fell—crashing two tables and creating a general turmoil. The scene faded out as he was being carried away.

"It is a shame that we haven't got some authorities with backbone enough to put a stop to such practices—using the flag to advertise business in such a way as that," said Uncle Howard. "It's salute a flag here and stand up for the National air there, everywhere you go—at every cheap vaudeville or any other kind of a show; it is the same old story—patriotism! patriotism! get the money, even our great evangelist raises the flag every time he operates his sawdust trail. Advertisements in newspapers solicit men to 'CASH IN' upon the wave of patriotic feeling that is sweeping the country by selling badges and flags at 100 per cent profit, and if you

venture upon the street with no decorations on your lapel you are called a 'slacker'. I saw in the papers last Fall where the Federal Trade Commission had charged twenty of the leading flag manufacturers with making exorbitant profits out of American patriotism by concerted illegal action to raise flag prices. This investigation showed in some cases 300 per cent profit was made."

The interior of a near-barren room with a very feeble old lady sitting at a table, reading a newspaper which looked as if she had taken it from a garbage can, was now being shown. After a short while the door opened and Carson entered with his sack of potatoes and set them at her feet, while she acted as if she were so pleased that she knew not how to express her joy. She kissed him and patted him on the back, and as he took several from the bag and proceeded to wash them and trim out the rotten parts—preparing them to cook—she helped herself to one, not even taking time to have it washed.

Suddenly the door flew open and half a dozen husky policemen entered the room with a ferocious rush and sprang upon Carson, knocking the old lady into the corner as if she were no more than a soap box. It reminded me of a bunch of fox-hounds when they get a fox cornered—every dog tries to get the biggest chunk of meat. However, Carson made no resistance and as they dragged him through the door the scene shifted, and showed them throw-

ing him into a large, covered automobile with a door in the back end and faded out after they had all climbed in and were driven away, opening immediately showing him in jail with seven or eight policemen slapping him and seemingly every one asking him questions as if they all expected answers at the same time. Not only did they slap him but they drenched him with water, shot a revolver close in front of his eyes, pulled his hair, flashed a strong electric lamp in his face and hit him in the face with their fists; and as the scene faded out he seemed to be hardly able to sit up.

“We hear eloquent ministers preaching of the agony of Jesus during his crucifixion,” said Uncle Howard, “but never is there a denunciation from the pulpit of the agony which thousands of both innocent and guilty men are forced to endure—this third degree, within the walls of our police stations. Instead, they will cast their ballots for a system which tolerates such activities and crown with laurels the ‘great detectives’ who inflict these brutalities.”

The scene opened at the West Chicago food dump, showing this same car—C. & N. W. 896698—being unloaded, which, after a few seconds dissolved into the U. S. History with a page turning, showing:

CONGRESS ORDERS HIGH COST
OF LIVING INVESTIGATED

then faded out, as everybody enjoyed a laugh.

The interior of a school was next shown, with many small children gathered about a table. Some were buying food and eating, while others stood near and looked on very wistfully, as they were forced to do without food because they had no money, yet they looked as if they could not understand just why this was so—why they should starve while others ate, and yet plenty of food remained in their view after those with money had eaten all they wished.

The scene shifted, showing the camera to be traveling through streets where hundreds of wagons loaded with various kinds of foods were winding about. Close views of uncovered wagons hauling beef, pork, and mutton, interiors of chicken picking rooms, game and poultry packing plants and wholesale markets where filth abounded on every side, were shown; women and children picking up various vegetables and fruits from under the horses where they had fallen; digging into garbage barrels from which they picked the good from half rotten fruits and vegetables; but saddest of all, some were seen to be picking up dead chickens which had died in the coops, and were carrying them home to feast upon.

"These were taken on South Water and West Randolph streets, Chicago, and can be seen there any day," whispered Owen. "I have seen them many times and although it is hard to believe, it is every

bit true."

For the first time in this epoch Nell was shown in the next scene, in a poorly furnished room, with no window curtains and with the lower sash covered by a newspaper. She was sitting at the table, which was a rickety old thing, eating her breakfast of bread soaked in coffee. On the corner of the table was a little gas stove upon which was a sad iron, and on top of the iron she had her coffee pot. She poured more coffee from the pot into her cup, the handle of which was broken off, then set the pot on the window sill, and after cutting and eating another slice of bread and drinking her last cup of coffee, she arose and took her waist from a line which she had stretched across the room. She was dressed ready for work with the exception of having on her waist, which evidently she had washed before retiring the night before. Her hat was hanging upon a nail on the back of the door. With waist in hand she walked to the dresser and was looking very despairingly into the spotted old mirror when a reader appeared:

'SIX DOLLARS A WEEK AND YOU MUST WEAR SILK WAISTS AND SILK HOSE!'—CAN I HOLD UP UNTIL I CAN FIND SOME MAN WHO WILL MARRY ME, OR WILL I BE FORCED DOWN AS OVER 200,000 OTHER POOR GIRLS ARE IN THIS COUNTRY EVERY YEAR?

As this disappeared she was shaking her head and

looking most pitifully and as if saying to herself: "I'm afraid." Then suddenly she seemed to remember that she must not waste time, and upon looking at her alarm clock and seeing that it was seven o'clock, hurriedly took the pillow-slip from her pillow, spread it over her newspaper-table-cloth and was ironing her waist as the scene faded out.

The U. S. History appeared again with page turning and:

VICE INVESTIGATION HELD

was shown on the opposite page which brought hisses from many, and a quiver to Uncle Howard's lips, but he remained silent. The audience quieted as another page showed:

FEDERAL CHILD LABOR ACT

(CHILDREN'S SWEATSHOPS ABOLISHED)

A young man washing his underclothes, socks and handkerchiefs in a bath tub, and in a very dingy bath room was next shown, and then shifted to his room, showing him hanging his socks and underclothes on a line, after which he walked to his dresser with several handkerchiefs in his hand and spread one over the mirror. They seemed to stick as if they had paste on them. There was no window in the room and his only light was a gas jet. His bed

was a little cot, there was no carpet on the floor, his only chair was an orange box and the mirror on his dresser was held up by a string which was passed in front of it and fastened to a nail in the wall at each end. Just as he had the first handkerchief about smoothed down he stopped and looked at himself in the glass for a moment when a reader appeared:

HOW CAN I SAVE ENOUGH ON \$10.00
PER WEEK TO EVER HAVE A HOME
FOR A WIFE AND KIDDIES?

and after returning and showing him as he continued his work the scene faded out.

The exterior of a busy saloon, with numerous working men entering and leaving, was next shown. All patrons looked as if they had been working hard and were very tired. After a few seconds a very tall man appeared, with a dinner pail on his arm, and stopped in front of the door, seemingly debating with himself as to whether or not he should go in, finally deciding that he would, and as he entered the door, the scene shifted to the interior, showing him entering.

Hanging from the ceiling and just above the big sideboard they had all the glasses on and which was behind the serving counter, was a large sign upon which was printed:

TODAY IS PAY DAY AND TOMORROW IS
SUNDAY—ENJOY YOURSELVES SUNDAY

He ordered a drink and when the waiter brought him a glass of beer he presented a bill, and while he was waiting for his change two friends came in who greeted him warmly, and as they were shaking hands the scene shifted to a home wherein three little children were standing at a window as if patiently waiting for some one to come, each trying to get in front of the other and all seemingly playful and happy, while the mother was sitting at a table apparently in a deep study. Three or four old chairs, several boxes, two tables made from boxes and a little old worn out cook stove with one leg broken off, which was supplemented with bricks, comprised the furniture. This was shown but a few seconds, then it shifted back, showing this man pleading with both his friends to allow him to go home; but when he saw that they were going to get angry at him, he, not wishing to lose friends, consented to take another drink, and we could tell from their actions that he had asked for beer but they would allow him to take nothing but whiskey. After taking this drink he again tried to get away, but the second friend gave him to understand that his money was just as good as the first one's and by the time his turn to treat had come, he was feeling very gay, and it was shown that in a very short while he was near drunk

and most of his money was gone.

Suddenly he stopped and studied for a second, then turned and ran from the bunch, which had grown to a dozen or more by this time, all of whom hissed and jeered as he went out.

He was then shown, entering his home with the week's food supply which he had bought with what money he had left, which was: a loaf of bread, a dozen wieners, a pint bottle of milk and a half peck of potatoes. The children were jolly, as they were too young to realize, but the wife was weeping bitterly as the scene faded out.

This was followed by several thrilling and spectacular scenes, representing the sinking of the Lusitania, with countless victims struggling helplessly in the water, and several other ships going down in like manner. In one instance a submarine fired into a life-boat and then stood by while its crew laughed at the victims who were fighting for their lives in the water. Zeppelin raids were shown, after which a funeral procession was shown, suggesting that there were about thirty children in the one funeral—all victims of one air raid, after which the scene dissolved into the President still reading. It seemed that he was now reading from the same book he had at the beginning of the production. The page was shown:

THE DARK AGES

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and HE is the product of gross ignorance: HIS desires are but personal gratifications. HE seeks to tear down all that is before HIM for self-gain; appeals to HIM that *the purpose of life is living*, and that all anyone requires during life is: substantial food, comfortable shelter, and respectable clothing—that *happiness* is to be had only by imposing comforts upon others—our relatives, our friends, our neighbors—whether they are near or far—in the Arctic cold or the Torrid heat, in blackest Africa or antique Asia, fall upon deaf ears. HE is in Europe and HE is in America—HE is everywhere, and HIS inordinate ambition must be strangled if the race is to go forward; his armies must vanish, HIS walled mansions must be placed in the open, HIS boundary lines must be dissolved, and HIS superstition must be cast into limbo of faded delusions—HE must be driven from HIS throne never to return. Then and then only will the World be made safe for Democracy; and it is the duty of every man who loves life with all its possible joys, to join in this invasion; shake the shackles that are binding him—the chains of Autocracy that have bound man, and impeded his forward walk throughout all these Dark Ages, and filled his life with anguish and distress.

The page then slowly turned and the next one was shown, which was a new chapter:

MALNUTRITION

There are *no biological reasons* why man should live less than one hundred twenty years in *perfect health and happiness*, but there are *many physical reasons* why he lives but forty-three in *anguish and discontent*.

Many a little heart, pumping impoverished blood to hungry tissues, feeding starved nerves with a polluted stream, nourishing a tired and wearied brain with debased foods, cause in a marked degree bad, cranky, wreckless, hateful and nervous children, and every man who has been made aware of this great and destructive system which Autocracy has enthroned—this program which food manufacturers have designed that fosters men to “eat with their eyes”, in glory rather than in wisdom—“to dig their graves with their teeth”, and last but not least, impair their intellectuality, and who refused to make war against it, is not only a coward but has blood on his hands—is a soldier in Autocracy’s army. He is upholding a system that is inviting 400,000 little white caskets into the homes of Americans (other countries as well) annually, and bearing away our dear ones, and all for the personal profit of a privileged few!

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A very peculiar arrangement was next shown which suggested the process of making flour from natural wheat, with the white flour running into a packer, upon which was painted in large letters: “The *meat* of the wheat,” and at the packer a man was placing the flour in bags. From the other side

of the mill was running another stream over which appeared :

RESIDUE

It seemed that this was running directly into a large trough from which a number of extra fine cattle and hogs were eating.

It was then illustrated that this white flour was made into various foods which was fed to children, and a number of puny and sickly looking children appeared. Some were eating crackers, some eating cookies, and others eating angel-food cake, white biscuits, pie, cup-cakes, dough-nuts, white bread, etc.

The interior of a wealthy home was shown just as three very badly spoiled children were sitting up to the breakfast table, still dressed in their night clothes. The maid coaxed them all to eat oat-meal, but they refused, and each insisted upon having just what it wanted. The first wanted rice, and it seemed that she was used to their whims and had many things prepared. Alice suggested that there was surely lack of conservation in that home, as the maid dished out the rice and a reader was faded over the scene :

POLISHED RICE

As she served it the next one ordered pan-cakes,

over which was faded, as she was pouring the dough into a griddle:

REFINED BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

and as she was dishing out the last one's order:

DEMINERALIZED AND DEGERMINATED CORN-GRISTS THAT HAVE BEEN ROLLED AND TOASTED, THEN SEALED IN "SANITARY" PACKAGES

appeared, after which she proceeded to pour milk over the rice and flakes as another reader appeared:

MILK FROM TUBERCULAR COWS, RENDERED SO BY BEING FED DEMINERALIZED AND STIMULATING, HIGH PROTEIN GLUTEN MEAL, BREWERS GRAINS, COTTON SEED MEAL, ETC.

"That is not true," snapped Owen very quickly. "All of the college professors say that protein is the most important of all the food elements, and the more you feed the better. I once heard Prof. D. O. Barto, Superintendent of Poultry Husbandry at the University of Illinois say it is impossible to feed a hen enough protein, and everybody knows that a cow must have plenty of protein if she is to give a maximum amount of milk."

"Did you ever ask yourself if it is possible that there are some things in the world that our uni-

versity professors do not know all about?" asked Uncle Howard.

"Demineralized food-stuffs foster disease without a doubt, but to educate people that disease, in the presence of natural foods is like chaff before the wind, would be financial suicide for our food trusts; so they continue to pander our false tastes and lead us to believe that Nature is incompetent and puts injurious elements in our foods that they so kindly remove. Alfred W. McCann, in his book "STARVING AMERICA", writes: 'Chemists and pathologists are to be found who are willing to go on record with some such statements as these:

"Of the metabolism of foods, of chemical change, of the exact action of enzymes and bacteria, we are profoundly ignorant; therefore, we should not give much consideration to the mineral content of our diet.'

"We get so many minerals in so many articles of food that we can afford to remove most of them from our diet, and, anyhow, so little is known about the conduct of these minerals when ingested with food that the subject is at least not important enough to occasion grave alarm."

"Then Mr. McCann asks: 'What chemist's signature will open up the little graves and deliver back to the fond and empty arms of grieving parents, the millions of children that have died in this country during past years?'

"Every proclaimed dietitian I ever talked with has the same old story: protein, protein; it is all they know, and they remind you that *they all agree* that protein is the most important of all food elements. Why shouldn't they all agree when they've all learned it from the same book and they possess no personal thinking capacity? Then this 'sanitary' noise sure makes me tired too; they even have 'sanitary,' 'hygienic,' and 'antiseptic' barber shops now."

The maid placed some sugar over the flakes and rice, over which was faded:

DECALCIFIED SUGAR

"Well, I am sure that I don't want to eat any brown sugar," Ethel slurred. "Just a short while ago, Food Administrator Wheeler said that his family had been *forced* to eat it for a short time on account of a shortage in sugar, and if it is fit to eat and better than the white sugar, I am sure he wouldn't have said that."

A reader then appeared, while the maid was pouring syrup over the pancakes:

SYRUP—TREATED BY SAME PROCESS EMPLOYED IN BLEACHING STRAW HATS

and just as the scene started to fade away an elderly gentleman appeared in the corner of the pic-

ture, shaking his head and wringing his hands as if very much in despair.

"Why don't all of our authorities know and do better than they do," answered Uncle Howard. "That is Doctor Wiley, a man who has battled for over thirty-five years, for the physical betterment of the race, and who *has suffered defeat* several times at the hands of our greedy food trusts, but who *will never surrender*. Give him his way and the infant death rate in America will decline very rapidly, and the average adult life will lengthen. No ribbon dyed candies nor caffeine-drugged Coca Cola would be sold, and meat would no longer be flavored and embalmed with pyroligenous acid and sulphide of soda. You should read his booklet: 'Your Child and the Soda Fountain.'

"*Thrift*, today, is mentioned only in terms of dollars and cents. He would encourage the teaching of physical thrift in the schools and provide an economic program whereby the multitudes would not be required to destroy health in pursuit of the necessities of life. Go to any health resort and ask those present who are searching for the *Fountain of Youth* about their entire education and they will tell you that it was all about *how to make money*.

"Well, the foods we have at our house are *pure*, and I know it, for our grocer is the finest man you ever saw and he would not handle anything but the most popular brands," snapped Ethel, which amused

Uncle Howard very much, and when he told her that if she would take the time to get the November, 1916, issue of McClure's Magazine, and read the article on: 'Getting Allyn,' by George K. Turner—of how the manufacturers of food-stuffs who used alum, copper, formaldehyde, sulphurous acid, boric acid, benzoic acid, formic acid, hydrofluoric acid, or salicylic acid, or any of their salts; coal tar dyes or poisonous vegetable colors, those who contaminated their foods with inert fillers and those who used dishonest labels with extravagant and obscure statements, exercised every conceivable means to discredit the work of a Normal professor in chemistry, several years ago at Westfield, Mass., he believed she would acknowledge that there were a few things going on in the world that she did not know all about, she seemed quite willing to discontinue the argument.

Four lines of white hearses had been shown during their little setto, driving down a street, and explained by a reader:

DRIVING FOUR ABREAST THE ANNUAL PRO-
CESSION WOULD EXTEND FROM CHICAGO TO
NEW YORK

and the camera was now traveling through a vast cemetery, which was explained after a short while with another reader that caused a good many to straighten up in their seats and sigh. It read:

AND THUS COVERING 500 ACRES OF LAND
WITH LITTLE MOUNDS AND FRUITLESS TEARS
EACH YEAR

and the same scene continued Uncle Howard went on:

“In one of his recent speeches, President Wilson said: ‘I have found that the particular thing you have to surrender to is facts.’ To those who always take authority for truth, instead of truth for authority, a fact does not become a fact until affirmed by an authority. It therefore became a fact upon the twenty-ninth of last January that the United States has been heretofore wasting the lives of babies. Upon that date, Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children’s bureau of the Department of Labor, announced that the Government was going to start *a great child welfare drive* upon the sixth of April. She stated that three hundred thousand children under five years of age had died last year, and that most of the fifteen thousand mothers who died, had died needlessly. Instead of starting as soon as they found this out, these authorities put it off sixty-seven days, and figuring the same ratio, allowed 55,069 children and 2753 mothers to die without this special effort in order to make the ‘Children’s Year’ commence upon the anniversary of America’s declaration of war; then upon the historic sixth, the Washington authorities announced that the work was to begin upon that date, and that it was ex-

pected that one hundred thousand children would be saved in the year. I suppose that is another new brand of patriotism.

“What happens when a life is wiped out by malnutrition, from starvation, from mis-diagnosis of a doctor, etc.? The answer is always the same. There’s always a long-faced and pious preacher ready to say a lot of soothing things about them being ‘safe in the arms of Jesus,’ and then the next day the newspapers will have a mess of stuff about it being the Divine Will of Almighty God to call from our midst ‘one of the tenderest flowers that ever bloomed—our fond and loving dear one—we could not see him at the last or hold his dying head, before we knew an angel came and took him home to sleep in Christ,’ or some other such nonsense, even if the child had swallowed strychnine. Any one who sanctions such explanations is certainly an optimist. We will have Government Ownership of all public utilities some day; all food vending and manufacturing, hospitals and doctors working for the betterment of public health and in the employ of the Government, rather than fat purses at the expense of the race—the *cause* of sickness and early deaths will have been *removed*, instead of a continued *attack upon the effects*.”

A vast crowd of enthusiastic people listening to a speaker, was now before us, from whose conduct we could see that every word was striking the heart

of every listener, and as the camera drew nearer we saw that it was Karl Liebknecht. After a short while a reader appeared, which brought applause and hisses, cheers and moans, all at the same time from all over the house, and although the speaker's name was not mentioned, it seemed that every one knew who he was. The reader was:

WE, THE WORKING PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE THREE CARDINAL RIGHTS: THE RIGHT TO BE SOLDIERS, TO PAY TAXES, AND TO KEEP OUR TONGUES BETWEEN OUR TEETH. POVERTY AND MISERY, NEED AND STARVATION ARE RULING THE CONTINENT, WHOSE BLOOD THE VAMPIRE OF IMPERIALISM IS SUCKING, RESEMBLE VAST CEMETERIES.

THIS WAR IS AN IMPERIALIST'S WAR FOR DOMINATION OF WORLD MARKETS, AND FOR THE BENEFIT OF BANKERS AND MANUFACTURERS. IT IS ALSO A WAR TENDING TO DESTROY THE GROWING LABOR MOVEMENT, IT IS NOT A WAR OF DEFENSE. THOSE WHO PROFIT FROM THE WAR DESIRE WAR WITH AMERICA. TOMORROW, PERHAPS, THEY MAY ORDER US TO AIM WEAPONS AGAINST NEW GROUPS OF OUR BROTHERS—AGAINST OUR FELLOW WORKERS IN AMERICA. CONSIDER WELL THE FACT: AS LONG AS THE COMMON PEOPLE DO NOT RISE AND ENFORCE THEIR OWN WILL, THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PEOPLE WILL CONTINUE. LET THOUSANDS OF VOICES SHOUT: "DOWN WITH THE SHAMELESS EXTERMINATION OF NATIONS! DOWN WITH THOSE WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR

THESE CRIMES! DOWN WITH MILITARISM FOREVER!

THE CRY OF "DOWN WITH THE WAR" IS MEANT TO GIVE VOICE TO THE FACT THAT I THOROUGHLY CONDEMN AND OPPOSE THE PRESENT WAR BECAUSE OF ITS HISTORICAL NATURE: BECAUSE OF ITS GENERAL SOCIAL CAUSES: THE PARTICULAR WAY IN WHICH IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT: THE MANNER IN WHICH IT IS CONDUCTED AND THE OBJECT FOR WHICH IT IS FOUGHT. I OPPOSE IT ALSO IN BELIEF THAT IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PROLETARIAT TO TAKE PART IN THE INTERNATIONAL CLASS STRUGGLE FOR THE PURPOSE OF PUTTING AN END THERETO.

AS A COICIALIST, I AM A THOROUGH-GOING OP-
PONENT OF THE EXISTING MILITARY SYS-
TEM AS WELL AS OF THIS WAR. I HAVE
ALWAYS SUPPORTED WITH ALL MY POWER
THE BATTLE AGAINST MILITARISM. ITS
OVERTHROW IS A PARTICULARLY IMPORTANT
TASK FOR THE WORKING CLASS OF ALL
COUNTRIES TO PERFORM: IN FACT, IT IS A
MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH TO THEM.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ITS ALLY, THIS
COUNTRY PLOTTED TO BRING ABOUT THIS
WAR AND THUS BURDEN ITSELF WITH THE
PRINCIPAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ITS IMMEDIATE OUTBREAK. IT BEGAN THE WAR BY MISLEADING THE MASSES OF PEOPLE AND IT CONTINUES TO MAINTAIN WAR SENTIMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE BY THE USE OF REPREHENSIBLE METHODS.

And as the scene was continued several policemen worked their way to the platform and arrested him; while the howling mob seemed to be in such a state of frenzy that only a leader was needed to cause them to crush the police. He was placed in an automobile and the scene faded out as it was driving away.

"The most courageous man in all Germany," said Owen, as Liebknecht was shown in court, facing a charge of treason.

After a short while he jumped to his feet in protest to a secret trial and a reader appeared:

IT IS COWARDICE ON YOUR PART, GENTLEMEN. YES, I REPEAT, THAT YOU ARE COWARDS IF YOU CLOSE THOSE DOORS. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES.

However, his voice was unheard, and after the trial had progressed for a short while, the attorney general walked over to him, and it seemed, was urging him to plead guilty, and promising him clemency, but Liebknecht quickly jumped to his feet, and, popping his fist, defied the courts in a most courageous and determined way, and when the reader appeared, explaining his assertions, a cheer went up from every voice in the house. Even Ethel clapped her hands and shouted "GOOD!" The reader was:

I TAKE ENTIRE RESPONSIBILITY FOR EVERY WORD I HAVE SAID OR WRITTEN. THE AIM OF MY LIFE IS THE OVERTHROW OF MONARCHY, AS WELL AS THE EMANCIPATION OF THE EXPLOITED WORKING-CLASS FROM POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC BONDAGE. AS MY FATHER, WHO APPEARED BEFORE THIS COURT EXACTLY THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THE CHARGE OF TREASON, WAS ULTIMATELY PRONOUNCED VICTOR, SO I BELIEVE THE DAY NOT FAR DISTANT WHEN THE PRINCIPLE WHICH I REPRESENT WILL BE RECOGNIZED AS PATRIOTIC, AS HONORABLE, AS TRUE.

This brought the trial hurriedly to a close, and again hisses and shouts of revenge came from every side when a reader appeared, revealing the judge's sentence after both he and Liebknecht had arisen.

YOUR AIM IS TO DESTROY OUR ARMY WHICH IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF OUR NATION'S CONSTITUTION. THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS MORALE CAN BE BROUGHT ABOUT ONLY BY FORCIBLE MEANS, AND THE USE OF SUCH MEANS WOULD BE THE FIRST STEP IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CONSTITUTION. THEREFORE, THIS COURT IMPOSES A SENTENCE OF FORTY-NINE MONTHS SERVITUDE IN MILITARY PRISON.

The judge then seated himself, and Liebknecht picked up his hat, looking as if not in the least surprised. As he was being escorted from the room

the scene dissolved, and the President appeared, closing his book and laying it down. He then rested his elbow upon the desk and with his chin in his hand, stared through space for a moment in deep study, after which he picked up his pen and the scene faded away as he was writing very briskly upon the paper which had been laying before him all the while.

The President was next shown addressing Congress in joint session, and with the galleries packed, after which the U. S. History appeared with a page turning, and when the following page was seen, a mighty cheer went up. It showed:

WAR DECLARED UPON ALL AUTOCRACY

“And yet a lot of fool people keep harping about us not having any business in the war,” said Uncle Howard, “they say that the President was too hasty in declaring war, that it is not our fight, and all sorts of such things. I think he displayed remarkable patience in holding off as long as he did. It was not only a humanitarian or sympathetic affair, but a matter of self-preservation as well. License has always encroached upon liberty to a more serious degree than the average man is able to comprehend, and I am sure that this production has summarized these impediments, no more in detail than did the President before preparing his declaration of war

—the greatest message ever presented to civilized mankind.”

“Oh, this picture is representing the President’s historical review before he declared war, eh?” interrupted Ethel; “My, my, hasn’t he the most wonderful brain? A lot of people said that a college professor was not fit to be president because he knew nothing about law, and that only a great politician or lawyer should have that office, but I think that the most of them have changed their minds by this time.”

I never saw a more surprised looking man than Uncle Howard was. He looked at Ethel as if he thought her mind was entirely blank, then finally answered:

“If you write him a letter you don’t have to wait till he looks up your rating with Dun or Bradstreet before you get a reply. According to his way of thinking, the world is not filled with a few somebodies and a lot of nobodies.”

Activities at naval stations, army mobilization, and munition workers at work were then shown to be in rapid progress; also aeroplane factories, radio and aero schools were shown, after which Carson again came into the production.

The front of the Blackman Packing Company’s office was shown, with a large flag draped over the name on the window, and soon Carson (whose health had been restored and who seemed in the

pink of condition) came along, walking slowly. Just as he noticed the flag a friend came up, and after a warm handshake, Carson called his attention to it, and it was easily seen that he was very much out of humor, and was talking fast and loud. Every passerby stopped and listened until within a very short time the sidewalk was blockaded. Young Blackman came to the window to see what the commotion was, and it seemed that he must have recognized Carson from the way his eyes flashed, and, looking much alarmed, he grabbed the telephone and called the police. Soon a reader appeared which explained Carson's anger:

VISIT THEIR PLANTS AND LISTEN TO THEIR GUIDES HOWL ABOUT THEIR "SANITARY" PRECAUTIONS: "EVERY EMPLOYEE WHO HANDLES MEAT MUST HAVE HIS OR HER FINGER NAILS MANICURED TWICE A WEEK", AND THEY NEVER FAIL TO SHOW YOU THE MANICURISTS AT WORK, BUT THEY TELL YOU NOTHING OF THE HORRIBLE SHACKS AND FILTH THESE EMPLOYEES ARE FORCED TO LIVE IN.

As the scene returned, several policemen were edging their way towards the center of the crowd while listening carefully to what Carson was saying; he having climbed upon the garbage box we had previously noticed, and it seemed that they had become as much enthused as any other

member of the bunch before they got to him, and joined in the hurrahs.

The scene then shifted and many dingy shacks were shown—long lines of them; interiors where living conditions were most deplorable; dirty and half naked children, some of them just able to crawl upon the floors, while their mothers were away at work in the packing house. Others who were about to become mothers were seen going to and coming from work, wearing shawls over their heads; undertakers carrying out dead babies, while priests were busying themselves consoling the poor uneducated mothers by telling them that conditions would be better some day, and that their babies had gone to Heaven and would be waiting in the arms of Jesus for them when they reached that glorious land.

Another scene revealed the "Welfare Department" of the company. An overworked, nervous and hunger-beaten woman was appealing to the clerk for assistance, and after listening to her for a while and making a few notes on a piece of paper, the clerk sent her away almost smiling, with a consoling:

WE WILL INVESTIGATE

"I don't believe such conditions exist anywhere," snapped Ethel, to which Uncle Howard quickly replied, as little children were shown picking up tiny pieces of coal along the railroad tracks:

“If you will turn your limousine in the direction of South Normal avenue from 32nd to 55th street, and from Normal, west to Western avenue, some day when you can cheat your patriotic duties and your club work out of a few hours, and will keep your eyes open, you will find a lot of things that wouldn’t be allowed in print. When you see scores of ragged and naked, anemic and dying babies in huts filthier than the average farmer’s pig sty, you will not only recall that catchy phrase “Sanitary Precautions,” but you will wonder if you are in Chicago or in a dream. Ask their mothers why, under such conditions, they wish such large families, and they will look at you in a most non-understanding way, and finally say: “God gives them to me.” Hundreds of these babies never tasted milk in their lives, and never once had enough to eat. Few of these mothers ever saw the lake, went to a park, or even a moving picture show. The priests tell them that the conception of Christ was by the Holy Ghost, and that *he* was meek and lived in poverty all *his* life—that they are living a life just like his, and, oh, how glorious it will be when good St. Peter swings open the great pearly gates of Heaven, and they see those streets, paved with gold so bright that it will hurt their eyes—that there will be plenty of light on the streets, instead of no lamps at all as there are here. ‘Of course we get along pretty well now, but you will get yours hereafter—contemplation is al-

ways better than realization', the priests tell them. 'It is the Divine will of God that the world shall always have kings and slaves,' they are told, and the priests can easily prove it by Exodus 21:1 to 11. Kings have always insisted upon their slaves raising large families, they flood the labor market with cheap labor and make easy marks for politicians. It has been well said that kings and priests object to birth control in the human family for the same reason that wolves would in sheep."

Ethel squirmed quite a bit but said nothing. Her folks are very strong in "the faith", but Father had a little trouble with the priest a few years ago, and we haven't been to church since; and then Uncle Howard has told us so many things and given us so many books that are so sensible and reasonable that I don't see how any one with the least bit of intelligence could dispute them. The strongest one against our church was written by a nun—Maria Monk, who escaped from the Black Nunnery, Hotel Dieu Convent, Montreal, Canada, in 1835, which reveals unchallenged facts concerning the brutalities these poor women are forced to endure at the hands of priests—why neither marry, etc., and Alice says that much of the discipline in Protestant hospitals today is traceable to this origin and but slightly improved. So she and I have declared ourselves against the church forever. Father is quite skeptical, but Mother will say nothing for nor against.

As neither of the two stores up at the station were selling fresh meat, father took a notion to start a butcher shop several years ago, so he bought a lot and built a nice shop upon it. Long before it was completed traveling men were begging for contracts to furnish him with meat, but he preferred to buy fat stuff around the country and kill it here at home. He thought it would be both cheaper and better, but just about the time he got things going right good, one of these salesmen rented a corner in the back of one of the stores and put in a shop and a man to run it, and sold meat cheaper than father could buy the stock; and before he realized what a mountain he was trying to buck against, he had lost a bunch of money and was in a close corner. This, however, did not concern the priest, and when father failed to pay the pew rent promptly, he was so severely criticised that we never went back, but Ethel's folks are very wealthy, as I said before, and contribute very liberally to the church, so naturally they are among the *most prominent* members.

As the final scene of a lively Sunday afternoon, with many men and women of this district drinking beer and whisky faded away, a reader appeared.

AND EVERY WEEK OR SO

after which a banquet in a classy hotel was shown, with its many guests enjoying a hilarious time. At

the head of the table was the elder Mr. Blackman and his wife; the latter, a very large and dignified woman, decorated with a beautiful gown, long strings of beads about her neck and large diamonds in her ears and on her fingers. Next to her was young Blackman, puffing his cigarette as usual.

\$7.50 PER PLATE

appeared over the scene just before it jumped back to Carson upon the box, still swinging his arms and pointing towards the flag, his audience becoming more enthusiastic at every moment; and as a reader appeared Uncle Howard first tightened his fists, then made several notes in his book, but said nothing. The reader was:

WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT FLAG? WITH AUTOCRACY IT IS BUT A CURTAIN BEHIND WHICH HE CONCEALS HIS WOLFISH AMBITION—HE HAS MADE A DIRTY RAG OF IT—HE IS TRAMPLING IT INTO THE MUCK AND THE MIRE AND IT IS UP TO US, GENTLEMEN, TO RETURN IT TO THE DIGNITY OF ITS BIRTH: LIBERTY'S SYMBOL OF TRUTH.—WE THE WORKING CLASS WHO MUST DAILY TOIL TO KEEP THE WORLD ALIVE AND YET WHO CAN BOAST OF HARDLY ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN OUR OWN EXISTENCE—IT IS UP TO US TO DIRECT THE DESTINIES OF THE WORLD AND TO REMOVE THE ECONOMIC PRESSURE UNDER WHICH WE HAVE BEEN PLACED BY FOSILIZED BRAINS. THE PRESIDENT HAS ACTED

WISELY AND WE MUST STAND BY HIM. WE MUST START AT THE BOTTOM. PUT AN END TO MILITARISM AND EXPLOITATION. WILL SOON DIE. I AM READY TO GO RIGHT NOW, HOW MANY WILL FOLLOW? "MAY JUSTICE SUPPORT WHAT LIBERTY HAS GAINED".

Carson was then shown making his final statement after which he was followed away by the crowd, cheering and waving their hats.

An army recruiting station was next shown, over the door of which was posted a large sign, which read:

DRAFTED MEN CANNOT BECOME OFFICERS
ENLIST TODAY AND RECEIVE A COMMISSION

Several men were looking at a machine gun and other army equipments in the window, some were going in and others coming out, when Carson and about a dozen others appeared with a stern and determined look, and entered without hesitation. The scene shifted to the interior of the examination room, showing the examining physician as he was pronouncing Carson physically perfect.

"They should have shown some popular young lady out in front kissing all the young men that entered, which was quite a fad when recruiting began," suggested Uncle Howard, as the officer seemed to be very much impressed with Carson's personality, and insisted on conversing with him longer

than usual, as a reader appeared, explaining the drift of the conversation.'

THREE YEARS AGO I WAS DISCHARGED FROM A POSITION WHICH I HAD HELD FOR TWELVE YEARS, WHEN THE FIRM'S PHYSICIAN FOUND THAT I HAD DEVELOPED TUBERCULOSIS, AFTER WHICH ALL ATTEMPTS TO FIND EMPLOYMENT FAILED. IT SEEMS THAT BUSINESS MEN HAVE A SYSTEM BY WHICH THEY KEEP TAB ON BOTH THEIR EMPLOYEES AND EX-EMPLOYEES, AND CAN TRACE THEM FOR YEARS AFTER THEY ARE DISCHARGED. I RECEIVED MANY REBUKES AND WAS EVEN SOMETIMES KICKED OUT FOR "BOTHERING" THEM. MY MOTHER CONTRACTED THE SAME DISEASE, AND FROM THAT AND STARVATION, DIED TWO YEARS AGO, AND THE FOLLOWING DAY WHILE ON MY WAY TO THE LAKE TO END IT ALL, I SAW A LADY DROP A PACKAGE AS SHE WAS GETTING ON A STREET CAR; I CALLED TO HER BUT SHE WAS TOO FAR TO HEAR ME, BUT I AM NOW VERY GLAD THAT SHE DIDN'T, AS IT PROVED TO BE THE FORTUNE OF MY LIFETIME. IT WAS A BOOK AND IT GAVE ME A NEW HOLD ON LIFE, AND I OWE ALL THAT I NOW AM TO IT. IT TAUGHT ME NOT ONLY TO EAT AND TO LIVE BUT HOW TO THINK AND TO SEE—THAT BOTH PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EFFICIENCY DEPEND UPON THE QUALITY OF FOOD ONE CONSUMES AS DOES ALL OTHER FINISHED PRODUCTS UPON THE RAW MATERIALS FROM WHICH THEY ARE MADE.

The physician seemed much interested, and was

delighted when Carson offered to lend the book to him. Carson left the room, promising he would be back soon, as an officer came in and seated himself in front of the doctor. They had talked but a few minutes, it seemed, when the telephone rang, which the doctor answered, and after a few words hung up.

As the officer walked out Carson entered and handed a book to the doctor which he opened at random, and immediately found something interesting; and as the page was shown, we saw it was the same book from which the President had been reading. The page was:

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MALNUTRITION

There are *no biological reasons* why man should live less than one hundred twenty years in *perfect health and happiness*, but there are *many physical reasons* why he lives but forty-three in *anguish and discontent*.

Many a little heart, pumping impoverished blood, etc.

The camera then glided slowly to the right and part of the next—the right hand page was shown:

An undermined wall is easily pushed over; power means success which comes only with health. This will never and can never come from eating devitalized foods, drinking alcoholic liquors, and smoking cigarettes.

A chain is as strong as its weakest link, the body is as strong as its weakest organ, a body-organ is as strong as its most deficient element, which deficiency is traceable to the sub-traction of such elements that menace the commercial value of foods, were they not removed—nutritive value being of but primary consideration of said manufacturers; and I say without reservation, that when the day arrives that tuberculosis (as well as most other diseases) ceases to be profitable, it will cease to exist.

“Over 300,000 tuberculars in Illinois alone,” whispered Uncle Howard, “and they are just as thick all over the United States and most of Europe, yet, practically no attempts have been made to remove the cause, which is very, very simple. After a doctor gets all the money he can out of a tubercular patient he usually advises him or her to ‘move to a more healthy climate,’ regardless of where they may be living. It is part of the *ethics* of the profession to have a patient die while under the other fellow’s care. Did you ever ask any of your professors (addressing Owen) why all animals besides men and cattle are immune to tuberculosis?”

After the doctor closed the book and tried to

thank Carson, but seemingly being unable to command words to express his gratitude, Carson started talking, and a reader appeared:

I WANT YOU TO READ EVERY WORD OF IT AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT. I WISH EVERY CIVILIZED MAN IN THE WORLD COULD READ IT. I FEEL SURE THAT IF THEY WOULD, WE WOULD BOTH SOON BE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB. DOCTORS AND ARMIES WOULD BOTH GO OUT OF BUSINESS. I WILL CALL FOR IT NEXT WEEK.

After shaking hands, Carson left the room and the scene faded out, leaving the doctor staring as if he didn't know what to make of such a statement.

A page of the U. S. History was then shown to be turning, showing:

GOVERNMENT MOVES TO DEVELOP ALL NATURAL RESOURCES

and as it faded out a number of rapid rivers were shown. Niagara, Yosemite, and the Yellowstone Falls, with their perpetual energy being wasted, as they rush madly toward the sea, were also shown, and Uncle Howard went on:

"Wouldn't our gas, heat, and power corporation howl if Uncle Sam would transform all the water power in the country into electricity? Engineers say that over Niagara alone, five hundred thousand

tons of water go tumbling every minute. And isn't it a shame that Americans own such a beautiful place as Yellowstone Park—the most beautiful spot in the world—and yet, so few of them are ever allowed to visit it? We have built a house and given Jim Hill the key. The governments of Switzerland and Denmark believe that traveling is man's greatest educator, and thus they provide a means whereby their entire population may spend at least two weeks of each year in getting acquainted with their neighbors and with their customs, etc. However, these governments own their own railroads, which means that conveyance is much cheaper than in America."

The camera then traveled through a mountainous region, showing oil to be running down the sides of high cliffs, and a reader appeared:

GOVERNMENT NAVAL RESERVE, GARFIELD
COUNTY, COLORADO, 45,440 ACRES CURLEY
SHALE FROM 20 TO 2,000 FEET DEEP.

and after the scene continued for some time it faded out.

The interior of a business office was next shown, with a gentleman sitting at a desk, who, upon hearing a letter fall upon the floor (which we saw fall through the letter-hole in the door) picked it up and after tearing it open, the letter was shown:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Office of the Director.

WASHINGTON

*Mr. H. H. Culmer,
Chemical and Mining Engineer,
Chicago, Ill.*

DEAR SIR:

We are shipping you today, by express, from Grand Valley, Colorado, samples of Curley shale, wherein we find about 60 gallons of crude oil per ton, using the destructive distillation method. We believe that you can provide us with a process, whereby this residue, which is largely ammonium sulphate, a much needed fertilizer, can be saved.

We believe that twenty billion barrels, is a conservative estimate for the crude oil locked up in this shale in Colorado alone.

Let us hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

Dean E. Winchester

"Gee, but won't John D. pull his hair when the Government gets this thing started?" suggested Owen, and Uncle Howard chuckled back:

"He certainly would if he had any hair to pull. The poor old fellow would die of grief if some of his income was shut off. According to the report in November, 1917, his compounding income was a little over \$3.17 every time the clock ticks, or \$190.26 every minute, and whether he is awake or asleep.

"This reminds me of a very singular story a man from Iowa, was telling me the other day, for which I immediately coined a parallel. About the first of

last March, when Francis J. Heney, attorney for the Federal Trade Commission, found that some of the packers were seeking to sell bull meat to the army, and that they had boasted they could charge what they wanted to for the Government had to take it any way. A cunning old cattle feeder up in Eastern Iowa, who knows that the packers usually put over most any kind of a deal they wish to through some scheme or another, at once set out and bought up four carloads of bulls. There was some pretty severe fighting among them at first, but within a short while a skinny old Hereford had proven himself the champion. His digestive apparatus must have been out of order, for he ate but a very small amount, but, according to my friend's story, it seemed that he was jealous of all the rest because they were in good health, and he would circle around the feeding trough for hours at a time, hooking them right and left; then after cutting off his horns he would back around, kicking like a horse, and finally, his owner was forced to place him in a box-stall in the barn, but says it will be impossible to ever fatten him.

"Mr. Rockefeller's wealth is equivalent to something over one billion bushels of wheat, his stomach is in a very bad condition, and he can eat but little of it, but, needless to say, like this bull, a poor digestive apparatus is synonymous with a brutal and greedy mind; therefore, he will never get fat, the

courts will not allow his horns to be cut off or stop him from kicking hungry and starving men, women and children away from his feed boxes, nor allow him to be placed in a *boxstall* where he can no longer harm the peaceful ones.

"The Government will take you boys into its army and ask you to give up all you have—your lives, and at the same time permit him to dump a hundred thousand bushels of wheat into his bin every day that must not be touched. Along with Witchcraft, this will be recorded upon the black pages of American History by future generations."

The interior of a woman's club-room was now being shown, with many fashionably dressed women knitting sweaters, socks, etc. Some were making ready to leave, while others were just arriving.

After a short while, Nellie Martin entered, wearing the same clothes she wore when shown in her room, looking as if she was very nervous and almost afraid to tell her wants, and when she received such a royal welcome, her nervousness seemed to become more intense. She looked as if she had never been treated so kindly in all her life, and knew not how to receive such courtesy. After telling her mission, they all began to tell her at the same time that she was in the wrong place, and to direct her as to where to go, when one offered to accompany her, and the scene faded out as they were leaving the room.

The superintendent of a hospital sitting at her desk was next shown, and soon Nell and the lady appeared. After introducing Nell, the lady proceeded to explain to the superintendent that Nell wished to enter training to become a Red Cross nurse, and after a short while she went out. The scene faded out, while Nell remained talking to the superintendent.

The scene then opened at an army officers' training camp as selections were being made and commissions were being granted. After several had been passed upon, Carson stepped forward, and one could easily see that he was in even better physical health than when he enlisted. He was granted the commission of captain, after which a very excitable affair was shown to take place about the Blackman household.

Young Blackman met the letter carrier at the front gate, who gave him a postal card, and after joking for a moment both turned, but Blackman had gone but a few steps until he stopped and looked staringly at the card, which was shown to be his draft card (No. 248), instructing him to report at the armory in 24 hours. After staring at it for a moment he started on the run towards the house, and just about the time he got to the porch, he heard his father's car coming, turned and ran back to the gate which he found locked. Again he ran to the house to get the key, and this time got upon the porch

just as the lackey dashed out the door with it. It was very laughable indeed, but at the same time I think every body was sympathizing with the poor fellow; he was so excited that he even lost his cigarette.

By and by the gate was unlocked and the young man got to the curbstone sobbing pitifully, just as his father was alighting, and presented the postal to him, which he read carefully, then patted the boy upon the back as they started towards the house; while the chauffeur looked on as if wondering what he should do, and yet as if afraid to ask.

As the father and son entered the house the scene shifted to the interior, showing them entering. The boy was almost hysterical, and his cries attracted the mother, who came running into the room only about half dressed. The demonstration was both pathetic and funny. The father by this time had thought of a scheme whereby the boy might be saved from going to the army, and began telling the mother and hurrying her to make ready, that they would all go and see what could be done. Two maids were then called to assist her in getting ready, but as they were too slow, she jerked her things from them and as she left the room, her hat was on one side of her head, her hair down, her shoes not laced, and her coat well twisted.

They were then shown in a lawyer's office, all pleading with the lawyer, who only shook his head

and assured them that nothing could be done. However, the father was not yet willing to stop, and grabbed the telephone, but after a brief conversation hung up, shaking his head in despair, and the scene faded out as they were leaving the office, both mother and son crying.

The next scene was very pathetic—hundreds of young men were bidding their relatives and friends good-by at a railroad station, among whom were the Blackmans. Many mothers fainted as their boys were pulled away from them, and as the train was pulling out and Mr. Blackman and a nurse were shown working over Mrs. Blackman, the scene faded out.

A drill field on a training camp was next shown, with a large number of men coming on for their first time, among whom was young Blackman, and with Captain Carson in charge. One could easily see from their facial expressions that each recognized the other; however, nothing was said, but Blackman dropped his head at first as if very much ashamed of what had passed, while Carson, calmly executed his duties.

After a short while the scene closed, and immediately opened at night-time, showing young Blackman seated at a writing desk, writing a letter as Carson entered. Blackman jumped to his feet and saluted the Captain, who returned it, and as he started talking in a firm yet pleasant manner, and

at the same time handing him a book, which Blackman nervously accepted, a reader appeared:

YOUNG MAN—YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN FILLED WITH VILE THOUGHTS AND CRUEL DEEDS, LUXURY AND WASTE—NOW YOU WILL BE TAUGHT AND MADE TO REALIZE THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY. FORGET YOUR JEERS OF YESTERDAY FOR I HOLD MALICE TOWARDS NO MAN—READ THIS BOOK—THEN THINK!

Blackman thanked him heartily and, placing the book under his arm, drew a package of cigarettes from his pocket and offered one to Carson, who politely declined, saying:

I DO NOT WISH TO INJURE YOUR FEELINGS, BUT FOR YOUR OWN PHYSICAL, MENTAL, AND MORAL BENEFIT I WILL SAY THAT IT DOESN'T REQUIRE INTELLIGENCE TO SMOKE THOSE THINGS, AND THAT DEMOCRACY WILL BE BASED UPON THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF CLEAR-MINDED, FAR-SEEING, AND SCIENTIFIC MINDS AND NOT UPON THE DREAMS OF A CIGARETTE.

Blackman looked at Carson for a moment as if somewhat perplexed then turned and threw the whole package into the waste-basket, seized Carson by the hand and told him that he was done with them forever, and as Carson walked away with Blackman's eyes admiringly following him, the scene faded out.

Both Owen and Ethel squirmed nervously in their seats, but not a word was spoken by any one.

The U. S. Hisory then appeared with page turning, and showed:

HIGH COST OF LIVING INVESTIGATION

which brought a laugh and when the page turned showing:

VICE INVESTIGATION HELD

a general ha! ha! came from all over the room, but when the next page showed:

CAUSE FOUND

all were as still as death, eagerly watching what was coming next.

LOW WAGES

was the non-surprising solution. Several others were shown:

SENATE ORDERS INVESTIGATION OF RAILROADS

ONE MEATLESS DAY PER WEEK AND
ONE MEATLESS MEAL PER DAY FOR
CONSERVATION OF FOODSMANUFACTURE OF
DISTILLED LIQUORS PROHIBITED

"Congress exercised great forethought in not prohibiting the manufacture of wine along with whiskey," whispered Uncle Howard. "I am sure that no ship would ever return that had been launched without a bottle of wine having been broken against its stern, and the dear old Monks of St. Denys would raise from their tombs should this *blessed* tradition vanish."

Mr. Edison, working in his laboratory with a number of assistants, upon several devices which were quite strange to all of us, was then shown, after which a German submarine was shown ready to depart from her dock and with crew going below, and just as the captain was about to enter the hatch-hole, a messenger boy came running at top speed, shouting, and waving his cap with one hand, and a piece of paper with the other. The captain saw him, and walked to the end of the boat, received the message, and proceeded to read it as it was shown. It was written on a sheet of paper with no letterhead except the Iron Cross, and was in German script, which instantly dissolved into English. It read:

Every man must stand spotless in his own eyes, in the eyes of his conscience. . . . Otherwise he would be a mere tool, and he cannot and will not be any body's tool but God's. But when we are at one with God, and with our conscience, then our action is endowed with superhuman strength. We, therefore, ask each other in this decisive hour: "Does our conscience, the God of our soul, go forth with us in this fight?"

Our motive is not a desire for power, nor for expansion of frontier, nor is it for self interest, our cause is that of morality, of righteousness against frivolity, arrogance, and envy; the truth against falsehood and cunning. . . . This means that we go forth to war as Christians, precisely as Christians as we understand Christianity; it means that we have God on our side, and if God can be for us, who can be against us? Thus we say: "With God we go about our work!" Can our enemies say this? NO, not one of them; only we can say it.

Our Nation is the future of humanity, the center of God's plan for the world, and we love our Earthly Fatherland, which is God's seedcorn for the future, so much that we gladly barter our Heavenly for it.

Our Nation is our existence and God has taken it under his special care; it is our faith, the meaning and depth of the World.

I regard my whole power as given to me by Heaven. I rule by Divine right, my soldiers fight Divinely, the submarines will win the day—we cannot lose.

This was signed in the same hand as the previous

message—the one which the general read to his army.

“The world never knew an autocrat who wasn’t exceedingly religious,” said Uncle Howard. “Some are shielded from justice by an army of soldiers, with instruments of instant death, while others are protected by an army of lawyers who inflict a slow death by starvation, but they always have had and always will have, as long as they will be allowed to exist, plenty of priests ready to testify that their acts are ‘the will of God’.

“Whenever the world makes a hero, it is quite necessary that a large number of people be slaughtered, and it is right that they should be slaughtered, because the majority of people think it is right; the majority of people think it is right because tradition told them so, and they will continue to be directed by tradition as long as their brains are the same shape as they are today; so when we stop and think for a moment about our brain structure, and remember that it conforms to our skull, which is made of bone, we can easily understand why it requires so long to change it, and for the race to relinquish myth to logic. The Kaiser is ambitious to have his name go down in history as being the world’s greatest hero and to have his statue go up in all the great art museums just in front of those of Alexander, Napoleon, and Caesar.

“Napoleon once said that God was always on the

side with the largest battalion, and was he not right? When Mohammed started out upon his career, it was necessary that he enter a certain cave to receive *revelations* in privacy from the Deity, as he had neither army nor priests with which he could force people to yield to his desires, but when the Kaiser inherited his great army he was at once at liberty to communicate with the Deity and at any and all times to pick *revelations* from the clouds from wherever he happened to be; and to contradict the Kaiser would be, even more suicidal for one of his subjects than it would be for us to suggest here in *Free America* that the World needs a new Deity.

“Some of us may wonder why the Turk is so blood-thirsty, but when we read in the Koran—the inspired book of Mohammed: ‘The sword is the key to heaven’, and ‘to die in battle is to enter Paradise’, we can easily understand. Again we may wonder why there is so much hate and so little love among Christians, but when we read in Luke 14:26, ‘If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple’, we should not be surprised. So you see, with the Bible as his guide and with Hindenburg as his Hercules, this great Christian hero, king and preacher, the Kaiser, who, we are told, for many years arose at six every morning and rode on horseback from Potsdam to Berlin, a distance of seventeen miles,

where he ordered the maneuvering of his troops until two in the afternoon, getting ready his great machine for the coming neck-chopping, and who spent the rest of the day *preaching the Gospel*—comforting his dupes by promising eternal happiness for those that were loyal to their Divine leader; eyes for the blind and wings for all that God would *call home* during their great struggle for righteousness; promising the maidens and widows that the Lord would send an angel to them as he did to the wife of Manoa, who would cause them to bring forth men like Sampson who would ever uphold the Fatherland, and that they would be rewarded by receiving a front seat in the New Jerusalem where they could sit upon the ‘circle of the Universe’ all through eternity, looking down into a lake of fire and brimstone, upon their writhing enemies who would forever burn and plead, is providing the world with a history even more bloody than either the Bible or the Koran.

“In his speech at Brandenburg in 1890, the Kaiser said: ‘I look upon the nation and people handed on to me as a responsibility conferred upon me by God, and that it is, as is written in the Bible, my duties to increase this heritage. Those who try to interfere with my task I shall crush.’ Then, twenty years later at Koenigsberg, he said: ‘It was on this spot that my grandfather in his own right, placed the royal crown of Prussia upon his own head, insisting

once again that it was bestowed upon him by the grace of God alone and not by Parliament or meetings or decisions of the people. He thus regarded himself as the chosen instrument of Heaven and as such carried out his duties as a lord and ruler. I consider myself such an instrument of Heaven and shall go my way without regard to the views and opinions of the day'.

"Preaching in the Berlin Cathedral, one of his priests, Prof. Reinold Seeby, recently said: 'We do not hate our enemies. We obey the command of God, who tells us to love them. But we believe that in killing them, in putting them to suffering, in burning their houses, in invading their territories, we simply perform a work of charity. Divine love is seen everywhere in the World, but men have to suffer for their salvation. Human parents love their children, yet they chastise them. Germany loves other nations, and when she punishes them it is for their good'. Why, outside of the Pope of Rome, the Kaiser is the biggest one-man show the World has ever seen."

At this Ethel's eyes snapped with anger, but she had now begun to realize that there are a few things going on the world that are not talked about in clubs and churches, so she made no comment.

By this time the submarine had disappeared beneath the waves. Uncle Sam had shown another page of the U. S. History:

EQUAL PAY FOR MEN AND WOMEN FOR
PERFORMING SAME DUTIES

and a large steamer was being loaded at night-time, with soldiers, ambulances, artillery, field kitchens and bakeries, ammunition, etc. Soon all was aboard and the great boat moved away from the pier, accompanied by several small boats, all with guns mounted and lights out, which, of course, interested all of us more than any religious argument.

This same boat was then shown in mid-ocean with hundreds of soldiers on deck, among whom we recognized both Carson and Blackman, who were talking together and leaning against the railing.

Suddenly a submarine was sighted, and with lightning speed the gunners trained their guns upon it and fired three times. Just as the last shot was fired, the second one hit, and instantly the air above the craft was filled with flying pieces of steel and black clouds of smoke, and as the ship passed over the spot where it had gone down, the water seemed to be covered with a thick coat of oil.

This was followed by a sight which brought forth a roar of applause. This same boat was being unloaded in France at early dawn, and after a few seconds the scene shifted, as the orchestra struck up "Yankee Doodle", and showed our boys marching down the streets of Paris. Both Carson and Blackman were easily distinguished, while thousands lined

the sidewalks on both sides of the streets, most of whom were women and children, with a few old men and crippled soldiers.

Carson and Blackman were then shown Strolling in the residence district of Paris, gazing with much interest upon some of its peculiarly shaped dwellings. Soon they met two young women whose countenances displayed eagerness for the boys to talk to them, which at once set Blackman's eyes to dancing, but when he saw that Carson was unmoved and looked as if he had not even seen them, he calmed down and went on, while the girls looked pleadingly back at them.

They were next shown at a bathing beach, sitting upon a bench some distance from the bathers, who were mostly young women. Several American soldiers were sitting in the sand, chatting merrily with the many maidens (which Uncle Howard styled "the fast type"), whose fur-trimmed bathing suits evidenced cloth conservation. Blackman was very nervous and it was easily seen that he wanted to get into the bunch so badly that he was in misery, but Carson paid no more attention to them than he would have were they so many small children. Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts to say something, as it seemed that he could not get the words out of his mouth, and while the audience was screaming with laughter, he looked Carson squarely in the eyes and said:

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FOR THE LOVE O' MIKE MAN, DON'T YOU CARE
ANYTHING ABOUT A WOMAN?

Carson nodded his head slightly in his usual stern but pleasant way, answering:

YES—I AM A GREAT ADMIRER OF A LADY—
AND A LADY CAN BE A LADY ANY PLACE TOO,
UNLESS SHE IS STARVED INTO IMMORALITY,
BUT THERE ARE NO HUNGRY ONES IN THAT
BUNCH—THEY ARE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF
FLIRTS AND I DISLIKE A FLIRT ABOVE ALL
THINGS, WHETHER MAN OR WOMAN! DIDN'T
YOU READ THAT BOOK I GAVE YOU? MARRI-
AGES ARE MANY BUT MATINGS ARE FEW. I
WILL FIND AN AFFINITY OR I WILL GO
THROUGH LIFE ALONE—THAT REMAINS FOR
THE FUTURE TO SOLVE.

This lecture caused Blackman to abandon his interest in the girls and as he rested his elbow upon his knee, with his chin in his hand and staring through space, Carson took an old letter from his pocket and after tearing open the side of the envelope proceeded to write upon it, and as he handed it to Blackman, it was shown upon the screen. It read:

The thing in life that most puzzles me—
 That I least can understand:
 Why the conduct of men may be careless,
 Yet, they of women, strictness command.
 (That is, their sweethearts, wives, and sisters)
 I wonder if the day will come
 When, by intellectual growth,
 Society will change its customs,
 And there'll be one law for both.

“When the majority of men get their first glance at a beautiful woman, their thoughts are no different from the thoughts of a dog when a female comes in his sight—he relishes the destruction of her virtue no less than the lion relishes the devouring of a lamb,” Uncle Howard whispered, then went on: “It is the way his brain is made, I tell you, and it will take time, and above all *rational education* and *good breeding* to change it. Society will surrender to a *double standard* as long as *might* is *right* and as long as it prefers the guidance of such men as Solomon, or Gideon, or Joseph Smith, just because they were *inspired*, to a program of respectability and decency. There are thousands of women and girls in the Bridewell and in the House of the Good Shepherd in Chicago, and at Geneva, Illinois, and hundreds of other such prisons throughout the country, for committing acts that society bows to men for doing.”

And as Owen wiped the perspiration from his

brow, and Blackman, seemingly greatly affected, folded the envelope and placed it in his pocket, with a deep sigh leaned back against the seat.

In a moment Carson continued the conversation, and another reader appeared:

LOOKING AT THIS AS THE AVERAGE MAN OF
THE WORLD DOES YOU SHOULD NOT LOSE
SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT SOCIAL DISEASES
HAVE INCREASED GREATLY SINCE THIS WAR
BEGAN AND THAT OVER NINETY PER CENT OF
THE RACE IS AFFECTED. KEEP YOUR HEAD
LEVEL AND GO HOME CLEAN.

Knowing that I was in the draft, Uncle Howard clipped one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems from a newspaper and sent it to me last Fall, and wrote that he wished it was possible for every soldier to read it, and when this reader appeared he asked me if I had shown it to Owen. The poem was:

SOLDIERS, COME BACK CLEAN

This is a song for a soldier

To sing as he rides from home
To the fields afar where the battles are
Or over the ocean's foam.

"Whatever the dangers waiting
In the lands I have not seen,
If I do not fall—if I come home at all—
Then I will come home clean.

"I may lie in the mud of the trenches,
I may reek with blood and mire,
But I will control, the God of my soul,
And might of my man's desire.
I will fight my foe in the open,
But my sword shall be sharp and keen
For the foe within who would lure me to sin,
And I will come back clean.

"I may not leave for my children
Brave medals that I have worn,
But the blood in my veins shall have no stains
On bride or on babes unborn.
And the scars that my body shall carry
Shall not be from deeds obscene,
For my will shall say to the beast, OBEY!
And I will come back clean.

"Oh, not on the fields of slaughter,
And not in the prison cell,
Or in hunger and cold is the story told
By war of its darkest hell.
But the old, old sin of the senses
Can tell what that word may mean
To the soldiers' wives and to innocent lives,
And I will come back clean."

As the scene closed Carson was looking casually about while Blackman seemed very much depressed, which suggested to me that he probably had already contracted such a disease.

The interior of an army library was next shown; Blackman and three other soldiers standing near, and Carson some distance away writing upon a typewriter. One of the soldiers took a package of cigarettes from his pocket and passed them around, but Blackman refused, and as the other three were lighting theirs, Carson finished his copy, then walked over to the little party and handed it to Blackman, who thanked him heartily, then proceeded to read it as Carson walked away. It was then shown:

It's not my wish nor soul's desire
 To be a harem's king,
 If all men's hearts this would inspire
 What joy to the world it would bring.
 No bordel's door have I entered,
 Nor harlot's lips would I touch,
 On higher plains my thoughts are centered,
 And I respect my old mother too much.

Give me a girl with an active mind—
 A thinker and not a parrot;
 Whose complexion is not of the drug-store kind,
 And who wears no hour-glass corset.
 I want not one of society's rage,
 Who drinks highballs, cocktails, and wine,
 And uses the streets as a vaudeville stage,
 Just the old-fashioned girl for mine.

George Carson

“According to Professor H. Blummer,” said Uncle Howard, as Blackman folded the paper and proceeded to write upon the typewriter, after getting some stationery at the clerk’s desk, “Greek women anointed their bodies with fragrant essences, dyed their hair, rouged their lips, and painted their eyebrows and faces to attract the frivolous men, who were in the majority then as well as now, and at which the comic poets directed their sharpest arrows in vain 500 years B. C., and as long as man shall remain fickle and capricious, woman will continue to do this. Adaptation to environment is a law of life, and when the time arrives that the Autocracy in man shall *fall*—the rule by Divine right, which is mentioned many times in the *inspired word*, and his intelligence shall *rise* to where he will be more attracted by intelligent minds than by *beautiful* figures, pretty legs, and *camouflaged* faces—when the *real* will be more attractive than the *counterfeit*, he will find her also advanced and able to provide his requirements. Why the most conspicuous woman upon the street today is the one who is unpainted and most sensibly dressed.”

Blackman’s letter was then shown :

Mr. J. C. Blackman, Sr.,
2719 Sheridan Road,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Father:

Landed here safely, 6:30 this A. M. We sighted one sub. the second day out, and put her *up* just as she was going *under*.

Captain Carson and I have grown to be very fast friends, and I want to tell you that he has certainly made a different man out of me. He is sure radical, but his arguments are all logical. He says that any man who is afraid to question anything is a mental slave, and the smaller mental platform one has, the more vanity, demagogism, and superstition can lay upon it; and he's not the only radical here either by any means, it seems that most of the boys are. I certainly have gotten my eyes open since I left home, and as I see things now, life isn't worth living as I lived then.

There's a Red Cross nurse over here by the name of Nellie Martin, that used to work in one of the State Street stores; they call her Radical Nell. Although she has been here but a month, they say she is the talk of the country. She wrote a poem embodying a concrete definition of Democracy, and why we are at war, when she first came over, and it has gained admiration for her all over the land, as it has been widely circulated. Haven't seen a copy of it yet, but will try to get one and send to you in next letter.

Give my regards to all the girls in the office, and tell them I am not the same fellow I used to be; give my love to Mother and tell her not to worry. Write soon,

A. E. F. Via N. Y.

Claude.

He was then shown to be folding the letter and placing it in an envelope, and as he was depositing it in the letter box the scene faded out.

Several suggestions of how the German spies are working in this country were next shown; the first showed four chemists working in a laboratory, packing small glass tubes in small boxes, while one of them was presenting a box to an outside man and instructing him how to use it, which was explained by a reader:

HEREWITH FOUR TUBES FOR HORSES AND FOUR FOR HORNED CATTLE, EACH TUBE IS SUFFICIENT FOR 200 HEAD. IF POSSIBLE ADMINISTER DIRECT THROUGH THE ANIMAL'S MOUTH AND IF NOT, IN ITS FODDER. SHOULD BE OBLIGED FOR LITTLE REPORT ON SUCCESS WITH YOU. IF THERE SHOULD BE GOOD NEWS TO REPORT, HERR K'S. PRESENCE HERE FOR A DAY IS DESIRABLE.

This spy was next shown applying for a position at a large stock farm where his suspicious actions caused the proprietor to lead him to where there were several employes to whom he gave the wink, and in a second they all sprang upon him and found the poisonous germs.

Other spies were shown to be working in munition factories, aeroplane plants, ship-yards, etc., while still another was shown in an attempt to poison the water supply in a large pumping station, all of which

were soon foiled by our secret service department.

The President was then shown, reading a newspaper, a column of which was shown:

376 HAVE INCOMES OF MILLION A YEAR.

Washington, Dec. 1, 1917—Daniel C. Goper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, announced today that there are three times as many persons in the United States, drawing incomes of \$1,000,000 a year as there were a year ago.

Ten persons have incomes of more than \$5,000,000 yearly.

Three hundred and seventy-six persons paid taxes on incomes of \$1,000,000 a year according to the report, compared with 120 individuals paying taxes on similar amounts in 1916.

The number reporting and their incomes follows:

\$ 3,000 to \$	4,000.....	85,122
4,000 to	5,000.....	72,027
5,000 to	10,000.....	150,551
10,000 to	15,000.....	43,305
15,000 to	50,000.....	59,311
50,000 to	100,000.....	10,452
100,000 to	150,000.....	2,900
150,000 to	200,000.....	1,284
200,000 to	1,000,000.....	2,238

"I saw an account in a newspaper last Spring, stating that over fourteen thousand men in the United States have arrived at the million goal since the country entered the war," whispered Owen.

"And every time you make a millionaire, you make a thousand paupers," answered Uncle Howard, as the President was shown laying down the newspaper, shaking his head as if he were saying to himself: "That will never do," and picking up a sheet of paper which, in turn was shown:

The average cow eats 9125 pounds of food per year (25 pounds per day) and produces 5110 pounds of milk (14 lbs. per day).

But few cows have perfect health, therefore, their milk is not of the most desirable quality.

The average hen eats 90 pounds of solid food per year, (besides succulent foods; grass, sprouted oats, cabbage, beets, etc.) and produces an average of eggs.

100 pounds of food when fed to a steer will produce approximately 4 pounds of edible substance.

100 pounds of food fed to a hog will produce approximately 18 pounds of edible substance.

100 pounds of food fed to a sheep will produce approximately 3½ pounds of edible substance.

100 pounds of food fed to poultry will yield approximately 12 pounds of edible substance (flesh).

Hundreds of thousands of eggs and chicks are lost each year during the incubation and brooding process, and, the older fowl, as is the hog, are quite susceptible to disease, while sheep are subject to the ravages of dogs.

“Ha, it looks as if Mr. Heney and Frank Walsh are not the only ones who are trying to open the eyes of the public, and show them the canals through which their money is flowing into the banks of the Beef Trust,” said Uncle Howard. “This ‘get rich quick on poultry’ game of theirs is the biggest joke yet, and they are sure doing it, too; but when you stop to think a moment you cannot be surprised. You know Barnum has never been disputed—the

American people love to be humbugged,' and 'there's a sucker born every minute'.

"I have visited hundreds of poultry plants and never saw one that was self-sustaining. All of the proprietors were well supplied with excuses, and explained that they were 'just getting into shape'; and strangest of all, the most of them were sincere." Then, turning to me, he said: "Wasn't that a bone-head trick the Food Administrator pulled last winter? Instead of encouraging people to Hoganize their hens—get rid of all the drones, he forbade the killing of a single hen for forty-five days right when feed was the highest; and instead of teaching house-keepers rational conservation of foods, this department is surrendering to their extravagance and inefficiency by advertising in the newspapers and sending lecturers through the country, urging every family to 'keep hens to eat the table-scraps'. There should be no scraps; but, of course, he is a business man and is not expected to be a biologist and an economist also."

We have had one of Walter Hogan's books for several years, and usually keep about one hundred and fifty hens, none of which will lay less than 200 eggs per year, selected according to his method, but what was occupying my mind most at this moment was those figures on cattle, hogs, and sheep, and when I got home I referred to Henry and Morrison's 'Feeds and Feeding', and Sleeter Bull's 'Principles of Feed-

ing Farm Animals' and found them to be quite correct.

Uncle Sam turned another page of history, showing:

CONSCRIPTION OF LABOR—LAW ENACTED PROVIDING THAT IDLE MEN, REGARDLESS OF SOCIAL POSITION, BE CHARGED WITH VAGRANCY

—and another:

TWO MEATLESS DAYS PER WEEK—
ONE MEATLESS MEAL EACH DAY

—and another, showing:

LAW ENACTED PROVIDING THAT SAILORS AND SOLDIERS BE GRANTED FREE TRANSPORTATION UPON ALL RAILROADS—STEAM AND ELECTRIC AND UPON ALL STEAMSHIP LINES

Uncle Howard went on without a halt: "I believe the 'chicken fever' is more contagious than the small-pox, as it seems that but very few people are immune to it, and now since they have been told that it is patriotic, the temperature of most of those afflicted lingers near the boiling point. They seem to forget

that paper will not refuse ink, and when they read the soothing flattery—misleading, profuse, inconsistent, and unscientific advertising literature of the ‘big’ poultry-feed manufacturers, signed by ‘learned chemists’ and indorsed by ‘eminent professors’, it would require an army larger than Pershing’s to stop their stampede.

“I have lately noticed that some of these leading poultry-food manufacturers have ceased telling their dupes that *dried packing-house by products*—‘meat scraps’—are as nutritious for poultry as *live insects*, and are now filling them with ‘scientific knowledge’ of the virtues of the lactic acid in buttermilk; then they go on and tell them that the same results can be had from feeding dried buttermilk, which has been subjected to a temperature during the drying process wherein no lactic bacilli could survive, that the original product will yield. I have often wondered how long it will be before people will realize that better results are to be achieved by electing *live statesmen* for public servants than *dead politicians*.”

UNCLE SAM AT WORK

appeared in a reader, after which some of the scenery near Grand Valley, Colorado, was briefly reviewed. This time, however, large forces of men were breaking down the shale, which was being

carried to the separating plant, both by gravity-slides and by trolley motors, the power for which was being generated by near-by water falls.

After showing the distillation process at some length, a reader explained that from the oil extracted, twenty-five per cent is intensified gasoline—contains a large amount of nitrogen, which adds greatly to its propulsive energy, and from the remaining seventy-five per cent, numerous qualities of lubricating oils, paint, paraffin, wood and fabric dyes, etc., are extracted. The residue—a black, mealy substance, was running into flat-cars.

The camera then traveled about in a large ship-yard, showing scores of ships under construction, most of which were steel and wood, and but a few of concrete, finally stopping where one was being made of this shale-oil residue, which we had just seen being dumped into cars. It was being mixed with some finely powdered substance and in an asphalt mixer, and as the black and smoking material was shown to be working its way about the network of steel reinforcement rods, into the same sort of mold used in concrete ship construction, and with Mr. Culmer looking on as if much pleased with the outcome of his research, a reader appeared:

READY TO LAUNCH WHEN COLD—ONE SHIP
PER WEEK—IS AFFECTED BY NEITHER OCEAN
WATER, ACIDS, NOR ALKALIS AND BARNACLES
WILL NOT ADHERE TO IT.

(Substance known as Shipolith)

Then came a scene of more naval activities, which gave the audience a thrill that moved even the least emotional.

By the use of mariner's glasses, a submarine was sighted. Immediately an officer sprang to the railing with a megaphone and shouted orders to a convoy, which shot away toward the enemy's craft like an express train, and after following for a moment, a reader appeared:

THE DEPTH BOMB

Again the glasses were employed, and just as the diver disappeared, the destroyer crossed the path in front of it and dropped its bomb, which brought the raider to the surface like a cork and the audience to its feet with a cheer; but in the next instance when their cheers had grown into a roar at the sight of a white flag springing from the U-boat, and as it lay before the trained guns of the destroyer, the roar turned to screams. A path of bubbles, which every one realized was a torpedo that the diver had fired just as it was submerging, was sighted, and it seemed that it was coming right into the orchestra pit.

The scene shifted, showing a queer looking structure about eighty feet long, two feet thick, and twenty feet high, suspending from what looked to be a heavy barn-door track, and being lowered into

the water and over the hole which the torpedo had blown into the ship, by a number of sailors who seemed to be as calm as if nothing unusual had happened.

The suction held it firmly against the ship's side, and as soon as it was in place the interior was shown where several sailors were working a large lever, which quickly spread the compartment until it was about eight feet wide. Soon there were many men inside of it, placing a new network of reinforcing rods in the broken wall, and also boarding up the sides, as if preparing to fill the cavity with new material. Several lines of hose were also dropped from the deck and placed through the hole to pump the water from the ship.

A reader then appeared:

THE CONCUSSION FROM A TORPEDO IS SO GREAT THAT OFTEN MOST OF THE SHIP'S RIVETS ARE SHEARED, CAUSING IT TO FALL TO PIECES. SHIPOLITH, BEING OF AN ELASTIC NATURE, YIELDS TO THIS FORCE TO A MARKED DEGREE, THUS COMPARATIVELY SMALL DAMAGE IS DONE. HOLES FROM 50 TO 70 FEET LONG MAY BE PATCHED WITHOUT STOPPING THE SHIP.

The interior of the compartment was again shown, with a large stream of new material running from a spout that extended from the deck and into the molds, which were built up several

feet and upon which the men were rapidly working.

A great artillery battle was next shown, with Carson in command. Cannons were sitting hub to hub, and the air seemed to be full of flying missiles—exploding shells of the enemy. At the perception of gas, masks were quickly donned, an aeroplane fell in flames near, while tanks were seen in the distance. Red Cross workers were carrying away the wounded, among them, a close-up revealed Blackman being placed in an ambulance.

The interior of a hospital was then shown, with Nellie Martin and another nurse placing Blackman in bed, while many other nurses were busy waiting upon the sick and wounded, and just as they were about ready to leave him, Carson rushed in, whom Blackman recognized; but upon seeing that he was too weak to talk, Carson inquired of Nell as to his condition, and from the expression upon their faces as she explained and pointed, we understood that he was hurt in the thigh, but that the wound would not prove fatal. It was also noticeable that Carson was pleased with Nell's personality, which she did not notice, as her whole thought seemed to be upon her work.

After a short stay, Carson patted Blackman upon the shoulder and assured him that he would be back to see him as soon as possible, then shook hands and left the room.

SAFETY AND HYGENITY FIRST

appeared in a reader, after which, women were shown in overalls, working in munition factories, lumber yards, plowing in fields, wiping engines in round-houses, etc., after which Uncle Sam again appeared with his history, showing:

THREE MEATLESS DAYS PER WEEK

Nearly all the farmers around here have large orchards as well as large berry patches, and when the next page turned most of the people in the theater looked as if somewhat surprised and yet pleased with the suggestion. It read:

PENALTY FOR FARMERS AND FRUIT GROWERS WHO ALLOW FRUIT OR VEGETABLES TO ROT WITHOUT HAVING NOTIFIED PROPER AUTHORITIES OF EXCESS CROPS— IN WHICH CASES GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES WILL CART SAID FOOD-STUFFS AND DISTRIBUTE THEM TO THE POOR IN CITIES.

“Isn’t it a shame that we were so thoughtless, and let all those cherries and raspberries go to waste this summer, when we could have phoned the Weekly, and had them mention that any one could have them for the picking?” whispered Alice as Uncle Sam showed another page:

TAXES DOUBLED ON UNTILLED SOIL

And as he turned this page and showed:

FULL SUFFRAGE GRANTED TO WOMEN,
GRANTING THEM THE SAME PRIVILEGE
TO LIVE UPON THE PLANET AS MEN

Uncle Howard laughed, saying: "This holding back on passing that law is sure a joke. There's not a Congressman in Washington who will dispute that full suffrage for women is inevitable, and yet they will fool around and debate and quarrel over it; why, look how long it took them to pass the daylight-saving bill. It's the same old story of the ages: the exploiting class is afraid to give them liberty—they are afraid that their damnable profit system will crumble if women are allowed to have a voice in the world.

"In many of the Oriental countries, women are not allowed to enter a church without a veil over their faces, while our 'sacred word' says in Corinthians, 14:34-35: 'Let every woman keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for a woman to speak in church.'

"The time is coming very rapidly when they will be free, but they will have to fight and fight hard, just as all other slaves have who have gained their

liberty. Of course our American churches never were quite so strict about women unveiling as the Orientals, and in many of them today, women are just as much welcomed to remove their hats as men are.

“One of the first signs of intelligence in an infant is laughter, but Society says that women must laugh very modestly, if at all. ‘There is no freedom where there are any slaves—there is no equality where there are any inferiors—there is no decency where masculine brutality looks down upon women.’

“I offered both the Chicago Tribune and the Chicago Herald a poem last Fall which I felt would add to the fortifications of Suffragism—stop some of the dodging of Congressmen, and assist in bringing about their surrender to the cause, but the editors of both these newspapers recited their well perpetuated phrase: ‘We thank you very much for permitting us to examine your manuscript, but we are at present, too crowded for space to accept it’.”

The poem was:

Who gave us their blood, their flesh and our life,
Who fought all our battles in childhood's strife,
Who shielded in schooldays when things went wrong,
And soothed every grief with a tender song?

A WOMAN.

For what does man yearn to make life worth while,
To displace a sad frown with a cheerful smile,
What else must he have if a mansion he build,
To make him content and to have his heart filled?

A WOMAN.

144 THE BIRTH OF DEMOCRACY

Who would have the world at peace with no anger and scorn,
Who would give equal chance to every child that is born,
Who would see all men happy see truth everywhere,
See no misery existing, see no beggar's cold stare?

A WOMAN.

Who will fill every yearning with the fragrance of flowers,
Who will make life more pleasant by shortening laborer's hours,
Who will stop the intolerance of greedy class-fights
When permitted to ballot with EQUAL RIGHTS?

A WOMAN!

The interior of the hospital was again shown, Blackman with head and shoulders raised with pillows, and reading a magazine. Presently he looked up, smiled, and started talking, as Nell came in sight who was also smiling and talking, and as she handed him a newspaper he held to her hand, to which she paid no particular attention and chatted on, but when she started away he held on, and as she stopped he looked her squarely in the eyes and said—as a reader appeared:

TELL ME LITTLE GIRL, DON'T YOU
CARE ANYTHING ABOUT A MAN

At this she smiled very pleasantly, and placing her other hand upon his, thus holding it between both of hers, answered:

UNDERSTANDING YOU AS I DO AND ANSWERING YOUR PRECISE AND SEARCHING QUESTION, PLAINLY AND POINTEDLY, I MUST SAY—YES—INDEED, BUT THE MAN OF MY IDEALS HAS NEVER YET HOVE INTO MY SIGHT, AND IF HE NEVER DOES I WILL REMAIN A NURSE. THE WORLD IS FULL OF DUPES OF AUTOCRACY, AS IT HAS BEEN EVER SINCE AUTOCRACY WAS BORN WHO VAINLY CALL THEMSELVES “OPTOMISTS”. I WANT A MAN WHO IS NOT AFRAID OF WEARING OUT HIS BRAIN BY DOING HIS OWN THINKING, AND WHOSE CONDUCT WILL WITHSTAND THE SEARCHING LIGHTS OF RATIONAL CRITICISM!

“How many girls are there,” said Uncle Howard, “who would dare say such things even if they thought them? Economically free, woman will be the pilot of her own soul and will marry for love only, and in a true Democracy she will be as much at liberty in the selection of a mate as will man.”

After frowning for a moment and with considerable sarcasm in his expression, Blackman went on:

I SUPPOSE THE MAN YOU MARRY
WILL HAVE TO BE A SOCIALIST

at which Nell smiled broadly, answering:

SOCIALISM—IS IDEAL BUT ALL SOCIALISTS ARE NOT. MANY OF THEM WILL TALK TO YOU ABOUT FREE SPEECH, FREE SCHOOL BOOKS, FREE FOOD FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN, PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF ALL PUBLIC UTILITIES, AND IN FACT NEARLY EVERYTHING A RATIONAL MIND CAN CONCEIVE OF AND AT THE SAME TIME THEY WILL BLOW CIGARETTE SMOKE OR THE FUMES OF A DISTILLERY INTO YOUR FACE, DEPRIVING YOU OF EVEN FREE AIR. HOWEVER, IF YOU WILL LOOK DEEP ENOUGH, YOU WILL FIND BUT FEW SIGNIFICANT POLITICAL REFORMS THAT WERE NOT FOSTERED BY SOCIALISTS, AND NO SANE PERSON WILL CONTEND THAT SOCIALISM WILL NOT SOME DAY GOVERN THE WORLD—BUT, OF THE MAN I MARRY, THE ONLY REQUIREMENT WILL BE: HE MUST HAVE PLENTY OF GOOD—COMMON—SENSE

“What do you think of Socialism?” asked Owen of Uncle Howard.

“Socialism,” he replied, “is the most rational political platform ever constructed, but the Socialist Party in this country came near committing suicide with their St. Louis Platform. Why you could come nearer arbitrating with a Mexican bull than you could with the Kaiser. If they had asked the President to exempt them from combative service I believe he would have granted them the same liberty the clergy enjoys, but when they tried to block the whole war program, they should expect no more than they got. They have always tried to *remove the*

cause of war, while the clergy has shouted its glories; and I might add that if clergymen are sincere—really believe in a Heaven where peace and happiness abide, why do they surround themselves with laws exempting them from all military service and thus deny them an early opportunity to escape the pains and criticisms of life?

“One of the funniest things I can conceive of is a man who claims to be both a Socialist and a Christian. Why their affinities are about as close as oil and water, and you can rest assured that every one of them has a water-filled compartment in his brain.

“But, getting back to our subject, when this war is over the World is going to call upon President Wilson to dictate its economic program, and you will see that all the merit there is in Socialism that people are intelligent enough to permit will find a place therein. Party lines will dissolve, and merit will rule. There will be no malice or hatred, no prejudice, and no envy; if they have merit, his most bitter opponents will be placed where they may yield a benefit to mankind. I refuse to look at any man through magnifying glasses, observing all with the naked eye, and in saying that President Wilson is among the foremost of the master minds of the World, it is without emotion; but there are too many peasants, in America as well as elsewhere, to have real Socialism yet. That will come only through

the evolution of the mind.”

Hesitating a moment and gripping Nell's hand tighter, Blackman continued:

WELL YOU ARE SURE SOME GIRL, BUT TELL ME, WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THOSE IDEAS

At this she smiled broadly and took a paper from her pocket, which she unfolded and handed to him, saying:

I WORKED FOR FOUR YEARS IN A DEPARTMENT STORE WHERE I GOT MY EYES OPENED AND LEARNED TO THINK FOR MYSELF, AND I WILL NO LONGER ALLOW ANY ONE TO DICTATE *WHAT* I SHALL THINK. I MUST GO NOW, BUT HERE IS SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO READ.

Blackman thanked her and his eyes followed her as she walked away, and as he proceeded to read the following poem appeared upon the screen:

We have gone to war for peace,
To have mankind content,
Peace forever—our aim—
World disarmament.
The Golden Rule will be our guide—
Be the law of every nation,
A United-World without a slave,
There'll be no exploitation.
There'll be no cruel eyes of scorn,
No King, Czar, Sultan, Kaiser,
But an equal chance for every child born
And a strive to make all men wiser.

When democracy is given birth
Suppression will not be,
Sorrows will turn to joys,
All will have liberty.
Parasites and leeches,
And high-brows too,
We will only see in history,
When our dreams come true.
Autocracy no longer known
Nature's forces will be free,
His dominating rule have flown,
Right by might won't be.

When the war is over
And there's Peace on Earth at last,
There'll be no hungry children,
Nor the sweat-shops of the past.
There'll be no exile's sighs and cries,
No beggar's outstretched hands,
All men will work and none will shirk,
Nor live by gruff commands.
When thrones have crumbled into dust
We will know every man as a brother,
LOVE will destroy all vice and lust,
Every woman be a wife and a mother.
—*Nellie Martin*

"Gee, but won't this be a grand old world to live in when her dream comes true?" asked Uncle Howard, "When the Golden Rule will no longer be camouflage, but will actually be the guide of mankind—every man seeking enlightenment and wanting his neighbor to know something as well; no slaves and no brutal masters, and men who are now *holding down jobs* will all *go to work*. It's a long way off but it will come.

"We are so infinitely wise and yet so grossly ignorant that we imagine all things unknown to us are absurd and not worth knowing; we agree that we have been wrong, but insist it will be impossible for us to ever be wrong again, yet we acknowledge by our own actions that we wish to change our opinions by our daily reading of books and magazines. We expect original and creative work for the benefit of the community from our fellow-man, and at the same time continually shackle him with all sorts of regulations.

"The man whose activities in life are most appreciated, invariably has been the one who practiced 'Barnumism', while he whose ambitions are to enlighten and to contribute happiness to the race is not only ridiculed and persecuted, but exiled and executed; then after death sculptors carve his figure from marble, while his name is written into literature, sung by poets and even adored by his very antagonists. Let a man perfect an invention

for the improvement of the health of the race and unless it possesses an avenue through which money-mad demons might feather their nest with gold, it will go by default and he will be pierced with the arrows of society's sneers, but if he invents a new religion, a bodyguard will soon be required to keep the people from *loving* him to death.

"The Money King is tottering on his throne, I know, but oh my, if men would only co-operate in civil life, and all be rivals for the common good, as they do upon the battle-field—break the shackles of mediaevalism, and mount the throne of brotherhood, life would be worth while."

"I would certainly hate to be as pessimistic as you are," slurred Ethel—"if there are so many injustices in the world as you say there are, why don't you write a book about them?"

"Well, I would rather be recognized as humanity's greatest lover, than to be adored for being the World's richest individual, and be known as the greatest pessimist than the meekest optimist; however, I expect neither," answered Uncle Howard, "but as to writing a book, I would not even think of doing such a thing, and for many reasons. To market a book, you must be a college graduate or the 'authorities' who are all 'college-bred' men, will not indorse it; and then people would rather hear their echo than to hear something new, and before I will surrender to the clamor of the mob and ex-

pound what I know to be unscientific, illogical and untrue I will crouch under a rock and live upon roots and nuts in the woods. To be pious and prayerful carries great weight, but I refuse to practice deception and will never bow to our present ethical code, which I know to be slaughtering the moral fibre of mankind. 'When honeyed words prove to be but flattery, bitter memories result', but it takes a long time to show the ignorant masses that they are being flattered. If you want to get into trouble, offer to lead a blind man across the street.

"Any man who writes a book upon social reformation is inviting the world to despise him. Without agitation there can be no reform, but let some one else do it. Will any one dispute that Voltaire, more than any one thousand other men, inspired the French Revolution, and were not his bones burned in quicklime? Look at Bruno, who was tortured for nine years in a Roman inquisition and finally burned in a flower market; and remember of how all Catholic Europe praised God and blessed the pope for the massacre of the Huguenots, for which there has never been an apology from the church. Reform has always meant persecution. I was talking to Clarence Darrow upon this subject recently, and when I asked him how long he thought it would be before the masses would realize that the blindness of vanity is responsible for their combating that which makes most for their physical and men-

tal well-being, he answered: 'The darned fool people are sound asleep and don't want to wake up'.

"Optimism means impediment and procrastination, and breeds stagnation and decay, while pessimism promotes action and growth; the optimist says: America is the greatest country in the World, and the pessimist says: let's make it better. The optimist today spends much of his time watching parades, complimenting soldiers upon their good looks and *declaring* his patriotism, while the far-seeing pessimist spends his time inventing methods for producing greater efficiency—in finding the weak links in his country's chain of preparedness before the enemy does, and thus *proving* his patriotism; the optimist says that his father's rules are good enough for him to live by and that tradition should be upheld, and thus bares the gates of progress; the pessimist opens the thoroughfare for both political and intellectual proficiency, only through which better conditions of society and the abolition of slavery of both mind and body can be brought about. Political corruption and moral desolation, which are strangling the ambition and crushing the very heart out of those who produce all the enjoyable things of life and yet who are prevented from enjoying them, will finally surrender to the piercing arrows of criticism. We talk about the Dark Ages ending in the Twelfth Century—people two hundred years from now will have them recorded as ending

in the twenty-first century.

"My conversation here tonight is primarily for the benefit of Alice and Russell, but when it comes to educating the masses I wish to be excused. I have seen too much of Christian persecution to crave any of it for myself."

Uncle Sam turned two more pages of history:

FOUR MEATLESS DAYS PER WEEK

—and

PROHIBITION OF MANUFACTURE AND SALE OF EITHER BREWS OR DISTILLED LIQUORS.

The man previously shown drinking up his week's wages and going home with practically an empty basket, was shown in front of the saloon (upon the door of which was a FOR RENT sign) smiling broadly and gripping his pay-envelope as if he were saying: 'I'm mighty glad', and the interior of his home was now being shown just as he was entering with two baskets full of food-stuffs. The home was neatly decorated and very cozily furnished, and the children were romping with him and getting in his way so much that only for the assistance of his wife he would have been unable to get to the table with his load. After kissing her and the children,

each of whom strove for the first, he made his way to a chair with them frolicking about, riding astride his feet, etc.

“Addressing an audience, congregated in the Garrick Theater, Chicago, upon the thirty-first day of last January, to celebrate the filing of a petition to make Chicago dry, a Catholic priest, the Reverend Father Joseph McNamee, said something that struck me very funny,” said Owen, as the scene faded out with all three of the children piled upon their happy father’s lap, and the interior of the hospital was again shown—Nell handing Blackman some writing material and her fountain pen, for which he thanked her heartily—then proceeded to write, after his eyes followed her from the room; “he said that alcohol should be manufactured only for medical purposes, and for the preservation of sacraments in churches—put saloons out of business and allow churches to sell ‘booze’!”

“What are you talking about, man;” snapped Ethel, “administering the sacrament, selling liquor?” and smiling at her wrath, he answered: “Well, don’t they always take up a collection ‘to defray the expense of the sacrament’?”

“Next to religion, alcoholic liquor is mankind’s greatest curse,” interrupted Uncle Howard, “and every step the church makes toward removing the saloon is a step toward its own grave. When working men can no longer procure liquor

with which they may befog their brains and cause them to forget their deplorable surroundings, their minds will become clear and they will soon be able to observe the fallacies of clergymen, and place them upon the vagrancy list as the worst kind of slackers—about one hundred eighty thousand of them in the United States, I believe, who are enjoying rights which are contrary to the spirit of our Constitution—an Atheistic document, written by secularists who observed the degradation of European Christianity, and sought to provide our Country with a program, free from this Great Black Plague. Lincoln said that whatever any one man earns with his hands and with the sweat of his brow he should enjoy in peace and if one set of men had been intended to do all the work and none of the eating they would have had hands and no mouths, while if another set had been made to eat and not work they would have had mouths but no hands. He, therefore, concluded that hands and mouths are to be co-operative through life and are not to be interfered with.

“Upon the twenty-eighth of last February, the Kentucky Legislature passed a law permitting liquor to be shipped only to drug stores and churches.

“Last Summer I heard Dr. O’Neal of the Chicago Health Department say in a lecture that with all its years and years of research and hundreds of thousands of dollars spent, ‘Medical Science does not yet

know why Delerium Tremens are always caused by distilled spirits and never by brews'. Some day when I have lots of time I will explain this to you and show you why they have not, and why they can never solve this very simple problem, by the methods they have always employed."

After writing a short while, Blackman's letter (which was written upon three pages) was shown, and was as follows:

*Mr. J. C. Blackman, Sr.,
2719 Sheridan Road,
Chicago, Ill.*

Dear Dad:—

Your most welcome letter received several days ago, and am glad to know that all are well. I got too close to a Hissing-Jennie in my first battle and a piece of it took a hunk out of my leg, but am getting along fine and anxious to get back into line.

And what do you think, Captain Carson has been advanced to Colonel. The boys all say that merit never ruled in civil life, but it sure does here—no political pull goes in the army. He is sure some man, and I don't care if he gets to be a General, it won't give him the swell-head one bit. He was in to see me the evening I was hurt and have had several notes from him since. I tell you it makes a fellow feel pretty good to have a friend like that after associating with booze-headed idiots and cigarette fiends all of my life.

And best of all, my nurse is Radical Nell—the one I was telling you about in my other letter, and believe me I would give my right eye for her. Am enclosing her poem that I told you about, and believe it will make you think a little too; and if ever

you have an opportunity to meet her, and I sincerely hope you will have, am sure that she will show you that there are by far more honorable positions in life than showing big dividends for corporations. I will give you a few samples of her phrases: "Any man who would put a hundred thousand dollars into a mansion while thousands of children are starving all around him, would be just as brutal to a wife after the "new" wore off; money should be more valuable as a medium of exchange than as a means of hoarding wealth; when the time arrives that the plastic minds of children are no longer shaped in antique moulds, and every man is given a scientific education, when integrity ceases to be adjudged according to bank accounts and tradition is cast into the dead past, our present system of social and political stagnation, where congressmen are but "rubber stamps" for corporation will be regarded as cannibalism; then, there will be no poverty and millionaires, no charities, no wars; when women become intelligent enough to realize that the ever changing styles of dress and other fancy togs are but inventions of pension-seeking leeches, learn that their stomachs are in the same place as man's and that their feet are the same shape as his, they will wear the same clothes that he is wearing—more sanitary, safer, and more comfortable; after this war is over the world will no longer be ruled by the dead hands of wolf-clawed demons with disintegrated brains and their superstitious dupes, but it will be governed by thinkers, whose interests are in the welfare of all mankind."

I could tell you a lot more of them that are just as logical, but will allow you to soak up these first. She's sure got my goat.

Love to all and write soon,

CLAUDE.

A. E. F., Via N. Y.

"We must remember that emotion and vanity are older than intelligence and reason, and that man could feel long before he began to think," said Uncle Howard, "but even if a man's mind was shaped according to the ethics of savages, he should now be old enough to do a little *thinking*. If he would exert but one per cent of the effort he now utilizes in satisfying his appetite for tobacco, alcohol, religion, sex-gratification and duping others out of the profits of their toil, in developing his gray-matter along rational lines, Democracy would much sooner be realized.

"There's one thing about a Catholic above men of other creeds that should command the admiration of Rationalists: when a Catholic gets his eyes open he always seeks revenge upon his stranglers by laying the facts before his neighbor, while former subjects of other creeds, being too vain to admit they were wrong, simply leave the church and say nothing.

"Congressmen will continue being 'rubber stamps' for corporations as long as we send them there for that purpose. The requirements of a Congressman are not: a scientist, a philosopher, or an intelligent man, a statesman, an economist, or an honest man—the only requirement is that he must *be a good fellow*."

He then drew a bunch of papers from his coat pocket, from which he selected a typewritten sheet

and handed it to Owen, saying (as Blackman pushed his bell-button, placed his letter and poem in the envelope, and wrote the address while Nell was on her way to carry it to the mail box): "Here's something a friend handed me a few days ago that contains a lot of good food for thought. Read it over carefully, then give it to Russell."

It was as follows:

DEMOCRACY'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

"First—Thou shalt not individually own for profit, the crude or raw material things provided by Nature, such as lands, water, fuel, minerals, air, sunlight, electricity and other public necessities which all the public use. Those should be owned by all, collectively.

"Second—Six days shalt thou labor at some useful occupation with head or hand.

"Third—Thou shalt not steal from others the reward of their labor, by speculation, monopoly, interest, rents and profit.

"Fourth—Thou shalt not worship profits as thy God (because to take profit is to receive values without returning an equivalent therefor) but thy God shall be Infinite Intelligence whose attributes are justice, wisdom and love.

"Fifth—Thou shalt keep seven days of each week holy by dealing with thy fellow men and doing good.

"Sixth—Thou shalt honor thy father and mother, also all men and women whose age exceeds sixty years by giving them government pensions that will make them comfortable the remaining years of their life.

“Seventh—Thou shalt not require children to work in mines, factories, shops, or in any industry, but thou shalt send them to school where they may be well educated free of expense to them.

“Eighth—Thou shalt promote and maintain the exercise of equal social, religious, and political rights and privileges of men and women alike.

“Ninth—Thou shalt, thyself, have unrestricted liberty to enjoy such religion as your conscience approves, and thou shalt defend the right of all others to exercise the same privilege, and thou shalt favor and defend the people’s right to freedom of speech, a free press, free assemblage, free schools, and religious liberty.

“Tenth—Thou shalt favor the abolition of the competitive system of industrialism under which men, for profits, compete, contend, cheat, fight, and kill—a system that appeals to all that is crafty, greedy, selfish, unjust and dishonest in man, the legitimate fruits of which are extremes of riches and poverty, ignorance, squalor, injustice, crime, and war, the motto of which is, ‘*Might makes Right, to the victor belongs the spoils*’—and thou shalt help to establish and maintain a co-operative commonwealth the foundation stones of which are justice, reciprocity, universal peace—a system of industrialism which appeals to all that is just, and honest and kind and lofty in the human mind; the logical fruits of which are peace and goodwill to all mankind, and the motto of which is ‘*An injury to one is the concern of all*’.”

—R. A. DAGUE.

The scene shifted to the main entrance of the hospital, where several nurses were hustling about, and near the door of which Nell was depositing

Blackman's letter in a mail box; and just as she had turned and was about to enter a side door, Carson entered, walking very briskly and looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight through the hallway. The instant Nell saw him her eyes fairly danced, and as he passed through the double doors leading to Blackman's ward, she ran upon her tip toes and stood peeping between them for a moment. Seeing that he had gone to Blackman's bed she ran back and into the room she was about to enter when he came in.

The interior of this room was then shown (Alice said it was the "scrub-up room"). Nell, all in a frenzy, seemed to be searching her brain for an excuse to go to Blackman's bed. She first filled a glass with water, then poured it out, remembering that she had lately given him a drink, then she picked up a newspaper and again started for the door, only to turn and throw it down. It was quite laughable, indeed, but at the same time one cannot help feeling sorry for any one with a disposition like hers when something goes wrong for them.

Suddenly she calmed down, filled a glass with water and left the room, as the scene shifted and showed Carson sitting upon the foot of Blackman's bed, both chatting merrily.

Upon seeing Nell approaching, Blackman smiled broadly and stopped talking, which attracted Carson's attention, and upon looking over his right shoulder he at once recognized her as being the nurse

whose appearance had so pleased him upon his previous visit. However, Nell nodded but did not speak as she passed, carrying the water to a patient several beds beyond; but upon her return she noticed that Blackman's paper had fallen upon the floor, and as she picked it up Carson said to Blackman:

MR. BLACKMAN WHY DON'T YOU
INTRODUCE YOUR NURSE?

This pleased Nell very much, who quickly added:

I THINK SO TOO, MR. BLACKMAN.

After squirming restlessly for a moment, Blackman looked Carson squarely in the eyes and said:

I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU
DIDN'T CARE ANYTHING ABOUT A WOMEN

Nell looked very much surprised and Blackman grew more uneasy as Carson smiled and answered:

YOU MISINTERPRETED WHAT I TOLD YOU

As Nell looked easier, Blackman offered apology and managed to squeeze out a little smile, saying:

WELL I CERTAINLY BEG THE PARDON OF
BOTH OF YOU. MISS MARTIN THIS IS MY OLD
FRIEND AND COMRADE, CAPTAIN CARSON, OR
EXCUSE ME, IT IS NOW COLONEL CARSON—
COLONEL CARSON YOU HAVE NO DOUBT
HEARD OF THIS LADY MANY TIMES IN THE
TRENCHES—THIS IS RADICAL NELL.

As they shook hands and looked into each other's eyes most fondly, Blackman became very fidgety; however, this was not noticed by either of them and after Carson had talked for a moment another reader appeared:

MY ADVANCE IN RANK WILL PERHAPS GAIN PRESTIGE FOR ME IN THE EYES OF SEVERAL NATIONS, BUT IT CONCERNS ME BUT LITTLE, AND I WILL REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE PREFIX AFTER THIS IS OVER—MISS MARTIN I CANNOT COMMAND WORDS THAT WILL EXPRESS THE PLEASURE IT AFFORDS ME TO MEET YOU AND TO TALK WITH YOU. PRAISES FOR YOU ARE COMING FROM THE LIPS OF EVERY RED-BLOODED FOE OF AUTOCRACY THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

Blackman, looking as if about mesmerized, stared into Carson's face, while Nell smiled broadly but not vainly, and nodded in appreciation. Looking at her and talking all the while, Carson took a package of letters, papers, etc., from his pocket from which he selected one, and again a reader appeared:

UPON READING A COPY OF YOUR POEM A FEW DAYS AGO, ONE OF MY BOYS RECEIVED A SUGGESTION AND WROTE ONE, AND AS ONE MUST EITHER HAVE A "HANDLE" UPON HIS NAME OR A POLITICAL PULL TO GET ANYTHING RATIONAL INTO THE NEWSPAPERS, HE HAS ASKED ME TO FORWARD IT TO ONE OF THEM. HE SAID THAT THE LARGER PERCENTAGE OF LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW HELD BY POOR PEOPLE AND HE FEELS THAT THIS MAY ASSIST MR. McADOO IN FLOATING THE NEXT ISSUE BY "THAWING OUT" SOME OF "THE BETTER CLASS".

Nell was looking more pleased with Carson's appearance every moment, while Blackman remained as still as death, and as she took the poem and started reading, Carson resumed his seat upon the side of the bed.

The poem, written with a lead pencil, was then shown:

*While we in blue and khaki
With our flesh and brain do fight,
To dethrone all brutal rulers
Who contend that might is right;
And kind nurses poise and patient,
Dress our wounds and soothe our pain,
Will you knit and farm and feed us,
Or let us shiver and fight in vain?*

*You call we conscripts slackers,
And we've proved our loyalty;
We'll fight and die for those we love—
To bring them liberty.
Uncle Sam will stand behind us
You have told us from the start,
But who will stand behind him,
If you don't do your part?*

*You are the shirk and slacker
With your ruthless greed for gold,
To exploit upon the needs of life—
Your blood is yellow and cold.
You wave the flag and shout to all:
"We're sure of victory".
But you squeeze those unearned dollars,
Is that—DEMOCRACY?*

A Conscript.

"That reminds me of a little verse by Jim Manee, I read last Fall," said Uncle Howard. "I believe I can remember it:

"The Big Biz class of men in town
 With patriotism roar,
 When sons of other men are called
 To risk their lives at war.
 They fly the flag of U. S. A.
 And cheer the moving ranks,
 And then, because they are too old,
 They prob'ly offer thanks.
 And when the nation sets a tax
 To get the war-need dollar,
 (They'll give up the other fellow's sons)
 But coin —Just hear them holler.

"But you can rest assured that you will never see such a poem as that in a newspaper, and especially by an unknown author. Newspaper ethics require all writers to be 'reputable'.

"Last Fall while visiting in Chicago, I was waiting for a car upon the corner of Randolph and Clark streets, one night, when a very sweet little girl with two men came out of Lamb's Cabaret, she so drunk that she could not stand alone. At this time the Examiner was making a fight upon the cabarets, so I thought I would write the editor a letter, telling him about this and help the good work along; but the next morning when I attempted to write, my thoughts kept running to verse, so I wrote this (handing the following to Owen), and when I pre-

sented it to the editor, instead of the usual 'We're too crowded for space', he said that he didn't know whether I was telling the truth about the girl being drunk or not, so I took it over to the Daily News and received their 'We can't use it'. While reading it, don't forget to peep in between the lines, and no doubt you will see why newspapers refuse such material."

The letter was:

46 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

November 2, 1917.

Editor Chicago Examiner,
(Voice of the people column)

If this will open the eyes of but one girl before it is too late, my time will have been well spent.

Last night as I stood waiting

For a car ' front of Lamb's Cabaret,
I noticed two men and a maiden,

As they beckoned a taxi their way;
The girl's footsteps were not well guided,

She was drunk—'twas plain to be seen,
She'd been seeing the sights of "gay life",

She looked to be hardly sixteen.

There's a mother's heart bleeding this morning,

There's a little girl's soul full of pain,

There's a daddy dear, with a regretful tear,

Whose hopes are all blasted and in vain.

I boarded a car for North Clark Street,
On which was a woman quite "stewed",
She had a smile for every man that entered,
Her neck and chest were quite nude.
She had had many such nights since "the first step"
She was a veteran of the wine-room all could see,
She had seen "the bright lights" quite often—
She had been on many a "spree",
This morning she is "all in" and "dopey",
Or perhaps she's having a fight—
She's planning and scheming with cunning,
Of how she'll catch a 'fish' tonight.

I got off the car at Chicago, (Avenue)
And there what did I behold?
An old woman all "crippled" and forty
She was hungry, and ragged and cold.
She was begging for the price of a sandwich,
She was watching each way for a cop,
She wanted some "sinkers and coffee",
She wanted a dime for a "flop",
This morning her form is still shivering,
As she lies in some dirty door-way,
But nobody cares how soon she dies—
The fruits of the cabaret.

—Howard Judy

As Nell finished reading the poem she handed it to Blackman, then looked at Carson saying:

I LIKE IT VERY MUCH BUT IT WILL HAVE BUT LITTLE EFFECT UPON THEM: PROGRESS CAN COME ONLY FROM INTELLECTUAL THINKING AND IT IS AS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THAT CLASS TO THINK RATIONALLY AS IT IS FOR A CLYDESDALE TO TROT A MILE IN TWO MINUTES. THEIR BRAINS ARE NOT CONSTRUCTED FOR RATIONAL THINKING: BUT AFTER THIS THING IS OVER AND WHEN THE MAJORITY OF US WHO GO BACK AND DEMAND PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF ALL PUBLIC UTILITIES AND THUS SHUT OFF THEIR PENSIONS—FORCE THEM TO GO TO WORK AND EARN THEIR OWN LIVING, I AM WONDERING ABOUT THE ANATOMICAL CHANGES THAT WILL TAKE PLACE I THEIR CRAMPED BRAINS.

Carson smiled in appreciation, looking as if he was very much surprised at her deliverance, and taking out his watch said:

IT HAS BEEN WELL SAID THAT YOU CAN LEAD AN ASS TO KNOWLEDGE BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM THINK, BUT THE CHANGE THAT IS GOING TO TAKE PLACE IN THE WORLD'S SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROGRAM IS GOING TO DESTROY THIS OLD SAYING. I AM SORRY BUT I MUST GO NOW.

As he rose, closing his watch, he shook hands with Blackman, wishing him well, then, turning to Nell

he saw that she was preparing herself to walk with him to the door; and as their backs were turned (after Carson looked back the last time with a regretting good by and Nell with the wish-for-rapid-recovery smile of every good nurse), Blackman, poor fellow, I felt so sorry for him, rolled and tumbled in a fit of jealousy.

The scene shifted and they were shown standing in the hallway near the outside door, and after talking a short while bade each other good by; but as they shook hands their finger tips seemed to stick together, and they stood looking at each other for a second, then Carson finally said:

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE DINNER WITH ME
THIS EVENING? I CAN WIRE THE GENERAL
THAT I HAVE BEEN DETAINED AND EVERY-
THING WILL BE O. K. WITH HIM

Ethel allowed her enthusiasm to get away with her and almost shouted "goody", and the whole house enjoyed a hearty laugh, while Nell, looking much pleased, answered:

I WILL BE VERY MUCH PLEASED TO DO SO
INDEED—I CAN BE READY AT SEVEN THIRTY

The scene closed as Carson hurried away.

"I wonder if he thinks he has found his affinity?" suggested Alice, which took Ethel clear off her feet, and as she covered her mouth with her handkerchief

Uncle Howard answered:

"When the time arrives that young men will be more attracted by a well-shaped head than by pretty ankles, and young women prefer intelligence to piety, divorce courts will go by default;" then turning to Ethel he continued: "and if you will consult your dictionary a few moments you will find that 'affinity' means something entirely different from what a good many high society people spend much of their time thinking about. Then you will no longer be so humiliated upon hearing the word;" and turning again to Alice he went on: "there's nothing supernatural about the achievements of any man; they are, as I said before, the pursuits of a well-mated ancestry."

Nell and Carson were then shown, entering a neat but not luxurious restaurant, where they were escorted to a table, and after being comfortably seated proceeded to order their suppers.

After looking over the menu for a short while, Nell gave her order and Carson immediately protested, after which a reader appeared:

WON'T YOU HAVE MORE THAN THAT—WHY
DON'T YOU HAVE A NICE STEAK?

Nell laughed and answered him:

THAT IS PLENTY I THANK YOU; AND FURTHER-
MORE I NEVER EAT MEAT—I AM A STRICT
VEGETARIAN

Carson jumped to his feet and grabbed her by the hand with both of his, saying:

HURRAH FOR YOU LITTLE GIRL, I'VE GOT THE SAME AILMENT

"I noticed an inquiry about vegetarianism in the Chicago Herald last Winter, and Miss Beatrice Fairfax answered that it is a disease where those afflicted always check their appetites with their hats at the door," whispered Owen, as Carson apologized to the waitress for his foolishness and the unnecessary delay.

"Well, if Miss Fairfax wrote that it must be true," answered Uncle Howard. "I have read quite a bit of her material and I am confident she is sure she knows."

Proceeding with the conversation Nell said:

MY OBSERVATIONS HAVE LED ME TO BELIEVE THAT MEN WHO ARE CARNIVOROUS IN THEIR EATING ARE CARNIVOROUS AND IRRITABLE IN THEIR DISPOSITIONS AND THAT THE GREATEST DISEASE EXISTING—SELFISHNESS IS DIRECTLY TRIBUTARY TO THIS CAUSE. I BELIEVE THAT OUR THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS ARE GOVERNED AS MUCH BY THE QUALITY OF THE FOODS WE CONSUME AS THEY ARE BY OUR ENVIRONMENT. THAT IS: IF WE EAT PURE FOODS WE THINK PURE THOUGHTS AND VICE VERSA

Carson smiled in appreciation and answered, saying:

I THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT SERIOUSLY SPEAKING, THE TRUTH IS ALWAYS VERY EASY FOR ANY ONE WHO WISHES TO FIND IT. "THE CANNIBAL," SAYS DR. BUTTNER, "IS SO SUPERSTITIOUS THAT HE BELIEVES HE CAN EMBIBE THE VIRTUES OF HIS ENEMY BY EATING HIS HEART AND DRINKING HIS BLOOD—THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN IS SO SUPERSTITIOUS THAT HE THINKS HE GETS THE STRENGTH OF THE BULL BY EATING HIS FLESH".

"Before the war began, the annual consumption of pork in Germany was three hundred and thirty-two hogs per thousand persons, as against sixty-three per thousand in England," said Uncle Howard, and went on as the waitress entered with their suppers: "Alfred W. McCann says: 'Meat is not wholly a godsend to the man who eats much of it for the reason that it is deficient in the mineral salts which the body requires. In consequence, he who eats meat to excess is plagued with rheumatism, asthma and corpulency and is sent to the mineral springs in order that he may drink water containing calcium, magnesium, and sodium sulphate. Calcium, assisted by phosphorus, magnesium, silica and fluorine, builds up our bones and teeth'.

"Less than three per cent of our children have

sound teeth, and when the authorities tell us that it is caused from unused tooth brushes, most of us believe them, never questioning that it may be from lack of raw materials in their food-stuffs; also, the majority of us unobserve the ever-increasing number of cases of rickets, bow-legs, broken arches and other bone disease."

As the waitress arranged the food upon the table, Carson made several remarks to her, seemingly of a teasing nature, while Nell carefully surveyed every expression. When coffee was placed before them both refused, which surprised Nell very much, and a reader appeared:

WHAT—DON'T YOU DRINK COFFEE, EITHER?

Carson answered:

NATURE PROVIDED WATER FOR MAN AS WELL AS FOR ALL OTHER ANIMALS, AND IF HE WOULD DRINK NOTHING ELSE HE MIGHT BE AS HEALTHY AS THEY ARE. COFFEE, TEA, COCOA AND ALL KINDRED DRINKS ARE BUT SLIGHTLY Milder IN THEIR ACTION THAN TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL

Both then ordered water and chatted away, but it was not long until they were very much disturbed. Two gay looking lads came in and were seated just behind them and soon a fog of cigarette smoke was encircling their heads, and the scene faded out as

Carson was tapping one of them upon the shoulder. From the expression upon their faces I am sure that the smoking ceased.

They were next shown entering the hospital (at night time) upon their tip toes, and after whispering a short while they proceeded to say good by, but as they shook hands their fingers again hung together like two magnets. Nell's eyes were pleading and Carson was feeling badly, and as their eyes met they sprang into each other's arms—embracing passionately for a moment; then, raising her chin with one hand, he kissed her, and the scene faded out as he left the room, while Nell was crying hysterically.

Uncle Sam turned a page of history, showing:

CAUSE OF WAR DETERMINED

and then another, showing:

SELFISHNESS

and still another:

CAUSE OF SELFISHNESS DETERMINED

and when this page was turned, a full page of reading material was shown:

MALNUTRITION

Since it has been found, after extensive research by able and scientific, rational-thinking men, whose observations are based upon logic—cause and effect, whose minds have abrogated from all other myths of antiquity and whose visions have never been impaired by the glitter of gold, that meat embodies no substances vital to the nutrition of man of which he cannot avail himself from plants directly; while on the other hand it contains excreta—fecal matter, urine, perspiration, etc., due to natural catabolism as well as substances decayed after death, which neutralizes the great pugnacious-to-disease vitamins and minerals present in plants, and thereby fosters disease and misery. Therefore all are urged to eat the wheat and corn and other cereals, and thereby *manufacture* their own beef-steaks, thus saving much of the now wasted energy, as well as preserving health. Thus eating, it is believed that human mothers will soon become healthy, and provide their babies with an abundance of Nature's fluid, as does every other mammal; and finally, for lack of economic contribution to the welfare of mankind, all useless animals will become extinct.

Prices of all food-stuffs will hereafter be based upon their nutritive value in preference to their beauty.

“Because the Koran was believed to contain all the knowledge the World needed,” said Uncle Howard, “Omar ordered the destruction of the great Alexandrian Library, and many of our teachers in dietetics, believing that if there had been any virtue

in these minerals, vitamins, etc., God would not have left them out of the Bible, pay no attention to them, and go on with their old yow-yow about the importance of protein. The majority of them are but mental canning factories, and the people at large are the cans wherein they preserve the propaganda of our food trusts. I attended that 'Patriotic Food Show' in Chicago last winter, and it was a shame and a pity the way these exploiting knaves dished out their filthy lies in the name of science. 'There's no flaw in God's record', says our modern evangelist, 'and we must not dispute his WORD'."

"You have spoken of 'our modern evangelist' several times, do you mean Mr. Sunday?" inquired Ethel.

"Yes, I mean Billy Sunday, the greatest humbug the world ever knew," he answered.

"Oh, my, I am so surprised to hear you speak of him that way; why he is praised by the Protestant churches all over the whole world, and when he was in Chicago he was invited into the *very best homes*," she insisted.

"Yes, he is praised by all Christianity, and to hear him is to hear an honest acknowledgment that the Church is on pretty thin ice. He visited the homes of millionaires 'tis true, but he never went down back of the Stock Yards, where people are living like hogs and children are dying like sheep with the rot-foot. Why is he such a good friend

to John Wanamaker, S. S. Kresge, Marshall Field & Co., J. Ogden Armour, and thousands of other such autocrats? The answer is easy: when their slaves get their minds filled with his *divine chloroform* their only ambition is to sneak into the back door of the New Jerusalem, and they say no more about low wages and high cost of living. 'Blessed be ye poor: for your's is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold your reward is great in Heaven'. Fine logic, eh?

" 'If you want to approach Mr. Rockefeller,' says Fred Kelly, in the December (1917) issue of the American Magazine, 'tell him what a power for good he is in his church and Sunday School, and he will become cordial immediately,' and why has Henry Ford a preacher at the head of his *welfare department*?

"I heard Billy Sunday in Chicago, praying for God to 'dissolve the clouds as ice dissolves in the summer seas so we can see the smiling face of Jesus through the clear sky', but he never asked his God to see that livable wages are paid working girls so they will no longer be forced into the usual rendez-

vous—the cabaret, where they may contract the sale of their souls to buy the necessities of life and where they enveil their minds with liquor so they might forget. Instead of always praying for mercy, why doesn't he pray for justice occasionally, and acknowledge the truth about the cause of brothels instead of saying: 'Evolution is the blame'? The cabaret is the halfway house between the sweat-shop and the brothel and is thus essential to large dividend seeking corporations."

"Well, I'd certainly be afraid to say some of the things that you do even if I did think them," went on Ethel.

"Afraid, afraid of what? 'If a man holding a belief which he was taught in childhood or persuaded of afterwards, keeps down and pushes away any doubts which arise about it in his mind; purposely avoids the reading of books and the company of men that call in question and discuss it—the life of that man is one long sin against mankind,' says W. K. Clifford; but when this man recalls the procession ordered by Gregory XIII., which went about the streets of Rome, chanting praises to God for the massacre of the heretics, and when he hears Billy Sunday—the mouthpiece of God and of Twentieth Century Christianity, damning every man who rejects the lies of Moses and accepts the truths of Darwin—knowing that if he had the power he would today enjoy organizing and leading such a parade

about the streets of Washington, thrilled by the strains of a slide trombone and singing: 'Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow'; and when this man knows that his job would be unsafe should his employer even suspicion he was entertaining disbelief he dares not *think*, but I don't see any strings on you.

"The scientific or Darwinian theory is less than seventy years old, it has never been maintained by violence, and yet it is lauded by every intelligent man in the World, while Christian theology, or the Moses doctrine is several thousand years old, is responsible for the spilling of the blood of millions, and is *praised* by the most ignorant men living. The more ignorant a man is, the more absurdities he can believe and infallably the more religious he is.

"Billy says that Hell is a place where all scientists spend Eternity—men who disputed the priests and dissolved the fairy tale—the Adam and Eve rib story, even in the minds of most of our modern clergymen; the men who made the stories of Jonah and the whale, the Earth being flat, Samson and the lion, Jesus walking upon the water, and a thousand other such silly beliefs, disappear like fog before the mid-day sun; men who disposed of tom-toms and supplemented surgery; men who displaced prayer-books with text-books, and chanting nuns with alert school teachers; men who would disallow church property to remain untaxed which indirectly forces unbeliev-

ers to support the church—camouflaged State support which is directly contrary to the first amendment of the Constitution; and especially those who would no longer tolerate poisoning the trusting minds of innocent children by soft-handed and calloused-hearted priests and preachers whose only ambition is to make cowards of them.

“‘Belief in the devil makes man superstitious, melancholy, cowardly and cruel,’ says Mangasarian, ‘and by paralyzing both mind and body, fear deprives us of the ability to defend ourselves, and when we cannot defend ourselves, we become the sport of political and religious scarecrows’.

“Heaven, according to Mr. Sunday, is a place where a few pious and prayerful *souls* spend Eternity. He says: ‘There won’t be enough men there to get up a good chorus, preachers included—many are called but few are chosen’. Lincoln said that if belief in the horrible doctrine of eternal torments, which most church members still profess, were true, no one could take the time to attend to anything else in life but remain praying on his knees from the cradle to the grave.”

Whenever Uncle Howard gets started to talking religion to any one who has never heard anything against it, there is no let up until his victim either yields or gets mad, and it is usually the latter, as he says that is how the most of us have been taught to acknowledge defeat.

During this little lecture several scenes were shown of both our and our allies' lines of preparedness upon the eve of the decisive battle. Long lines of aeroplanes, including flying tanks and air ambulances, and scores of land tanks ready for action, as well as long trains of ammunition trucks, huge guns in position and hundreds of thousands of machine guns ready; but most interesting of all was the demonstration of an electrical apparatus which played the greater part in the final battle.

An aeroplane dropped a large amount of some sort of fine metallic substance, which was so fine that it could not be seen but a few seconds after being released. Several men and a number of horses and **mules were shown in the vicinity of where this** metal had been strewn, and when long and fearful sparks began leaping from a tall tower (which Owen later said very much resembled Telsa's tower at Shoreham, Long Island, which was built several years ago for electrical experimenting) these men and animals commenced dancing and jumping about as if they were very much in distress and semi-paralyzed.

I have read of men metallically coating seeds before planting, then driving a high frequency current into them and later into the roots of the plants, both by stretching wires over the field and by embedding electrodes about six inches deep on two

(parallel) sides of the field, and thereby forcing a much larger crop yield, but this scheme was entirely new to me.

Although he saw everything that was going on all the while, Uncle Howard kept up his bombardment upon Ethel without a stop. He went on:

“The shameless slaughtering of the Belgians was nothing new in the history of Christendom—it is the same old feud between Luther and Constantine, to a marked degree. Upon his deathbed in 1546, Martin Luther reminded those about him that he had conquered three popes, a king and an emperor, and now his apostle, Wilhelm, is attempting to crush, not only the Vatican, but all the other *fifty-seven varieties* of Christians throughout the World. He once said to a relative who had joined the Catholic Church: ‘You have embraced this Roman superstition whose destruction I consider the aim of my life’.

“The pope knows all about this, you can rest assured, and his reasons for remaining quiet are very transparent.

“The Kaiser has made a goat of Austria from the start, and the pope knows that, too. Instead of writing so many empty phrased ‘notes’ begging the Kaiser to ‘spare the historic bells of Belgium’ and ‘save the arts of Venice’, why doesn’t he plead for the helpless women and children?

“I would rather, by far, see all the arts and bells

in the World crumbled to dust than to see one single life blotted out. I say, down with them—both the pope and the Kaiser—down with the gods of Buddah and Mohammed, of Brahma and Confucius—down with the piteous cries of the priest-ridden Hindoo, begging for the mercy of his savior: Chrishna Jeseus, and the wails of disappointed men and women of Christendom who daily plead in anguish to their savior: Jesus Christ—down with all religion and up with humanity and righteousness, love and honor, justice and truth. Until man awakens from this traditional drunkenness—this intellectual anaesthetic which was choked down him in childhood, Democracy can never exist. Men of all the politically allied creeds, now fighting in Europe, will eat and sleep, play and work, fight and die together as if they were brothers, but the moment religion is mentioned the wolf returns—at heart they are the bitterest of enemies and ready to jump at each other's throat. Religion, like the veriform appendix is vestigial, and the sooner mankind is rid of it the better off he will be—with true Democracy, religion will have no function to perform.”

The great battle was now raging in full sway, with Blackman (walking with a stiff knee) and Carson in the midst of it and as calm as if no danger were near. The air was full of bursting shells and high above, the aeroplanes were thicker than black-birds in November, while the orchestra seemed to

be making a hundred different noises at the same time, and yet Uncle Howard talked on; but when the great streaks of artificial lightning came leaping from several of these gigantic towers and in the distance: MERCY! MERCY! KAMERAD! KAMERAD! appeared in large words over the scene, he stopped talking like a shot.

The scene shifted and showed great piles of German soldiers writhing and tumbling helplessly, with this lightning still leaping over them.

Then the power was turned off and as the smoke cleared away the frightened Germans regained their feet, and, waving their handkerchiefs high above their heads, ran into the arms of our boys and hugged them as they would their own mothers.

A large bonfire was then started and as the Kaiser was being burned in effigy, they tore off their hated uniforms and hats, and piled them upon the fire also.

The scene shifted and showed the Despot again praying upon his knees as the mob rushed upon him, dragging him to the river, where they threw him in, and as he was trying to swim ashore women and children punched him with sticks and spat in his face, while the audience was going mad with joy. But when the scene returned to the bonfire, and the form of Karl Liebnecht arose from the embers and was carried upon the shoulders of the cheering Germans and presented to Carson, every one in the

house, it seemed, stood upon their seats and yelled themselves hoarse.

“The German people are going to tear loose some of these days with a revolution that will shake the jewels from the Kaiser’s crown for all time,” said Uncle Howard, as the scene faded out and the people again quieted down, “and all the Kaiser’s prayers as well as those of his state-paid preachers will cease to be heard. Did you ever read the oath a preacher must take before he can preach in Germany? I have read it so many times that I have memorized it, so I will give it to you:

“I will be submissive, faithful and obedient to his Royal Majesty,—and his lawful successors in the government,—as my most gracious King and Sovereign; promote his welfare according to my ability; prevent injury and detriment to him; and particularly endeavor carefully to cultivate in the minds of the people under my care a sense of reverence and fidelity towards the King, love for the Fatherland, obedience to the laws, and all those virtues which in a Christian denote a good citizen; and I will not suffer any man to teach or act in a contrary spirit. In particular I vow that I will not support any society or association, either at home or abroad, which might endanger the public security, and will inform His Majesty of any proposal made, either in my diocese or elsewhere, which might prove injurious to the State. I will preach the word as His Gra-

cious Majesty dictates'. Take religion out of Germany or any other monarchy, and the king will go with it—monarchy could no more live out of dogmatism than a fish could live out of water. Dogmatism demands sacrifice, and innocent blood has ever been perfume to it, and there will be wars as long as it shall haunt the brain of man. One man's ambition—**twelve million dead right under the nose of a blind, deaf and dumb God to whom our own people are bowing and praying, making holidays, and ceasing work; why I sometimes think that the whole world has gone crazy.**"

"What, and don't you believe in prayer?" asked Ethel, as the Statue of Liberty was shown in the distance with our boys coming home, and after joyful scenes of their return from the front in France, their embarkation, etc., had been shown.

"I do not, and neither does any other man who does not believe in miracles. Every person who prays either does it for prestige or in belief that his wishes will be granted, therefore, no one who prays sincerely is justified in contradicting the Kaiser for contending that his prayers are being answered. Americans will pray in sympathy for the German people one minute and curse them the next for their stupideous refusal to dethrone the Kaiser, and at the same time they will refuse to entertain a single thought that the same iron claw is clutching them in the slightest modified form. The German people

have been taught that if they are but permitted to look upon the Kaiser, they will live ten years longer, and that it will insure them a high place in Heaven.

"The Christian religion has propagated a race intellectually antique, it appeals to the lowest things in man and makes a coward of him. Fear of hell only, keeps the church pews filled, and if the church could continue spreading its germs of mental paralysis unhampered, Democracy could never exist. Men are afraid to rely upon their own resources and to dethrone this superstition.

"Most of the universities were for many years under the absolute jurisdiction of clergymen, but a few years ago the germ of Rationalism crawled through a knot-hole somewhere and started propagating, and ever since that time, their serum, which is made from *the blood of the lamb*, doesn't take as it used to, and the same thing is going to happen some of these days with the system that is dictating the program for our common schools.

"No, little girl, you will see that this war will be won by powder and not by prayer, by soldiers and not by preachers, by the science of reason and facts, and not by the myths of Christianity. 'Our priests are not at all what foolish people think; our credulity comprise their entire science', says Voltare."

A dozen or more transports, swarming with cheering soldiers, and with tug-boats working like bees to get them to their resting places in New York Har-

bor were now being shown, while hundreds of thousands of overjoyed men, women and children lined the shore; and as the first one swung into her pier, Nell, Carson, and Blackman were standing on the bridge.

Blackman's parents were waiting near the ropes and as he fell into his laughing and weeping mother's arms (who in turn likewise embraced Nell), his father, not waiting for an introduction, leaped upon Carson shaking his hand and weeping, both in shame for the way he had previously treated him, and for joy for making a gentleman of his no-account boy; and it was really laughable, although I think everybody in the house was crying, to see the look young Blackman gave his father as he waited a moment for his greeting.

Then as they made their way through the crowd to the street we were very much surprised to see President Wilson standing in an automobile bowing right and left to the crowd and then greet them a hearty welcome; and as his car rolled away, with Nell seated at his side and Mrs. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs Blackman facing them, the scene faded out.

"If the President hadn't put a ban on Billy Sunday going to France and an average film producer had made this, I suppose he would have been pictured as the hero, but if I had been the producer I would have had Uncle Sam display the President's act upon one page of the U. S. History, for it was

sure a great step for progress," whispered Uncle Howard as the soldiers, led by the President's party, were shown marching down the streets of New York, and being cheered by many thousands.

The interior of the La Salle Street Station, Chicago (Owen said it was) was next shown, as the first troop train was arriving home—the Carson-Blackman party being quite conspicuous in the crowd of frantic soldiers, parents, sisters and sweet-hearts.

Another parade was then shown, the boys marching as in New York, and being led by the Blackman automobile, while the sidewalks and windows were jammed with enthusiastic spectators, yelling through megaphones, blowing horns, throwing confetti, and waving flags.

"Well, I have seen many moving pictures, a few of which were really worth looking at, but this one is certainly a world beater," said Owen, as Carson and Nell were shown to be getting married by a judge and in a court room, with all the Blackmans as witnesses, and as Ethel was putting on her hat.

"What's gone wrong with you all of a sudden?" inquired Uncle Howard, as the senior Mr. Blackman, with several other men were shown tearing down the steel fence from around their mansion, and while the wife and son stood looking on.

"Well, who in the dickens ever heard of such a crazy stunt as this? Why, it is strictly against the

ethics of moving pictures—there are only two proper ways for them to end, one is: the leading characters get married, and the other is for one of them to die,” she answered, but when the interior of the same school room previously shown where the children without money were forced to go without food, was again shown, with a very neat lady seeing that every child was given all it wanted to eat, she took off her hat and calmed down. To be frank about it, I thought the end was near, too, but I didn’t get angry over it.

Uncle Sam then turned a page of history, showing another full page of reading material:

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF
ALL PUBLIC UTILITIES

Inasmuch as the members of the medical profession showed greater efficiency, by far, during the war while in the employ of the Government and while being paid according to their merits—paid for making and keeping men well as has long been practiced among Oriental tribes—making strong soldiers from sick civilians, while in civil life their incomes depended upon keeping men sick, the Government has confiscated all hospitals, and has placed all doctors and nurses in the employ of the state; and, as policemen, firemen, letter carriers, etc., they will now be at the service of the public—competition relinquished to co-operation. All the science that heretofore directed its entire attention to devising means for the elimination of the race, will hereafter devote its energies to providing more healthful modes of living, more happiness and longer lives; the effects of disease will no longer be attacked but the causes will be removed; no white flour, wheat blending, and wheat scouring, no more polishing rice, embalming foods, no anemic crackers, chalky cookies, sulphurized foods, manufacturing “pure” maple syrup from cobs, etc.

“Visit a dental college and while you are observing the long lines of men, women and children waiting for free treatment, think of what a small percentage of our poor population are able to visit such places, and of how hundreds of thousands of them suffer with toothache for many years and until their teeth rot out. Think of the sweetest little

girl you know, crying with the toothache while the dentist is right in the same block and yet your hands are tied and you cannot help her, and if there is one speck of sympathy in your heart I believe you will agree that State-paid preachers are not as essential to the welfare of the race as are State-paid doctors and dentists," went on Uncle Howard.

"What do you think," interrupted Alice, "Dr. Miller, the one who operated on Russell when I first went to the hospital, operated on a woman about a month ago for appendicitis, when he knew that Dr. Edwards had taken it out over a year ago; and when she awoke she wanted to see it, so he came into the sterilizing room, and told Miss Shafer to take it in to her, and when Miss Shafer said: 'Why, Dr. Miller you know just as well as I do that that thing you took out is not her appendix', he said: 'Well, we've got to show her one, so get one and take it in to her anyway', and she had to do it, too; and it sure kicked up a rumpus around there for a while."

"Did you ever hear the word 'mum' around the hospital?" he answered.

"Oh, sure, the ethics are to always keep your mouth shut about what goes on, but I know you won't tell it."

"I presume Dr. Miller is a very religious man and believes in his God, does he not?" he went on.

"For goodness sakes, man, and don't you believe in God, either?" asked Ethel.

"Well, you poor little boob, aren't you ever going to wake up; how much talking does a man have to do to convince you that two plus two make four?"

"I'm not a boob, I thank you, sir; I'm a city lady."

"Ha, ha, that's no exemption; let me tell you that some of the biggest boobs in the world live in cities. Well then, what god are you talking about?"

"Why, our God, of course; there isn't but one God."

"Did you ever read the Ten Commandments, and does not the first acknowledge the presence of more than one God? No, I do not believe in gods any more than I believe in devils or dragons, in spooks and ghosts, or in fairies and witches. All the gods that exist are in the parts of our brain that have not yet evolved from savagery, the particular thing the clergy has always stood in the way of; or, as it has been well put: 'God is a relic of savage superstition'. If there is a good God who is our father, why did he not teach us—his children, to be loving and kind, instead of hating and killing each other? Why were not the original manuscripts preserved whereby theologians might prove the accuracy of their Bible. Why has the Bible been revised so many times, and which edition is correct, and when the British Parliament in 1850 sent a delegation to examine the Sacred Books of India, to find whether the accusation that the New Testament of the Christian Bible had largely been copied from the Ramazand of the

Hindoos was false or true, why were their voluminous reports so mutilated while being conveyed back to England by the Christian Bishop of Calcutta, that their truths were rendered unintelligible?

“The Kaiser’s claim of daily revelation from God is as logical and as true as the stories of Joseph Smith and his plates of gold, Mohammed and his cave, or Moses and his tables of stone—they were every one invented for the same purpose: the subjection of the exploited class.

“The miraculous conception of Christ and Chrishna, whose lives are almost a parallel, any anatomist knows is false, and the story your catechism teaches little children about Jesus appointing the pope, every historian knows is untrue, as the Catholic Church was not founded until the year 313. If the Church was not afraid and was not conscious of its weak foundation, it would not force its nostrums into the minds of children and tell them things its leaders cannot explain—teach them to act like savages instead of rising to a more sublime intellectual state. Then it says that *every man is free to choose his own religion*. ‘How can we conceive of a God’, says Voltare, ‘the embodiment of goodness, who lavishes his benefits upon his children whom he loves, and at the same time overwhelms them with the evil things of life—what eye can penetrate such profound designs? To deny thy supreme being, Great God, is less blasphemous, less deserving of thy wrath,

than to believe thee pitiless, deaf to our woes, jealous and unjust even as we ourselves are. It is to him who masters our minds by force of truth, not to those who enslave men by violence; it is to him who understands the Universe, not to those who disfigure it, that we owe our reverence'."

Uncle Sam turned another page of History showing:

TOBACCO CULTIVATION PROHIBITED—
1,400,000 ACRES OF FILTH-PRODUCING
LANDS TRANSFORMED INTO FOOD-PRODUCING SOIL

and then another showing:

PROFICIENT AGRICULTURAL TEACHER
AND SOIL CHEMIST PLACED IN EVERY
TOWNSHIP—DEFICIENT ELEMENTS OF
SOIL PROVIDED FROM NATURAL
SOURCES AT COST OF HANDLING—IM-
POVERISHED SOIL PRODUCED IMPOVER-
ISHED FOODS, AND IMPOVERISHED
FOODS PRODUCED UNHEALTHFUL BOD-
IES AND SHORT LIVES, IMPAIRED IN-
TELLECTS AND SLUGGISH AMBITIONS.
THE SUCCESS OF ANY RACE DEPENDS
UPON THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL
WHEREON ITS FOODS ARE PRODUCED

Poor Ethel was looking like a lost child, and in a way I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, for I knew that her stupidity was the product of her environment, but I knew how much better off she would be and how much she would appreciate it all when she finally did wake up; and without a brake, Uncle Howard kept on:

"When we see crime increasing day by day, men growing to hate each other more and more, and when we observe the effects of the inefficiency of our doctors who have held our lives in their hands and made playthings of them ever since the church has deprived us of our thinking faculty, we should cease to be optimists, wipe the cob-webs from our eyes and tear off their masks. The average farmer like the city dweller, *admits* he is intelligent and maintains that he is not a boob; he can prove it by both the minister at the country church whose compliments buoy him over the hurdles of farm life from week to week, and by the editor of the country newspaper—the Echo, who comments upon his good judgment in picking out 'the garden spot of the World' for a home. The integrity of this editor is beyond any questioning—'he prints nothing but facts, leaving out all the trash that city papers publish to make their editions large, and for *our* protection he even sets up all his own type.'

"Last Spring while waiting for a train in a little town out north of Springfield, I noticed a farmer

peeping into a box of 'plate stuff' from the Western Newspaper Union, sitting upon the express truck, and just for sport I asked him what he thought it could be. He answered: 'Ah I guess it's samples of some kind-a new roofin' dope some of them gosh durned city slickers has got up to flim-flam us farmers out-a our money'.

"Our *authorities* have been harping upon nitrogen fertilizer and protein importance so long that farmers think nitrogen is the only fertilizer needed, and when limestone and phosphates are recommended, many of them believe that putting it upon the land is like giving a man morphine—'it must be kept up or the land will cease producing altogether'.

"Upon the 26th of April, 1917, I attended a food-conservation meeting in Chicago, and along with many eloquently delivered and meaningless addresses, Professor Cyril G. Hopkins of the University of Illinois, read a worth while article—the best I ever heard upon soil fertilization, with statistics of where lands have been made to double and often triple their yields by the simple application of phosphate rock. Not in a few instances, but conclusive evidence that practically all lands are deficient in this content, but when resolutions were adopted at the close of the meeting his statements were not mentioned.

"Devitalized soil, beyond any question will yield staminaless and ignorant men, but when you've had

a preacher jamming your head full of such nonsense as: 'God is in his Heaven and all is well with the world', from the cradle to the grave, you have no ambition for troublesome research. Men eat meat, white bread and other devitalized foods which our food-kings have provided, and which their congress-of-gods—*learned chemists*, have indorsed; they drink intoxicating liquor, use tobacco, opium, cocaine, etc., because they all have a tendency to produce unconsciousness, and the less conscious most men are, the more they enjoy themselves. That may be one reason they believe they are going to have so much fun after they are dead.

"The psychology of religion is that it is soothing and encourages sleep—they even have a song 'Asleep in Jesus', while Rationalism awakens and encourages action and ambition—religion is a good nurse, while Rationalism is a desirable school-teacher."

Uncle Sam turned a page of History, showing:

ALL SCHOOLS TAKEN OVER BY GOVERNMENT AND PUPILS FED AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE, WHERE GIRLS ARE TAUGHT HOW TO PREPARE NUTRITIOUS MEALS INSTEAD OF GARNISHING DISHES OF DEVITALIZED TRASH WHICH EASILY DECEIVED THE EYES OF OUR PARENTS, AND FOSTERED OLD AGE AND EARLY DEATH

and then another showing:

SOFT DRINKS, TEA AND COFFEE, AND
ALL KINDRED BEVERAGES PLACÉD IN
SAME CLASS AS TOBACCO, ALCOHOL
AND OPIUM AND THUS ABOLISHED

and another:

OLD AGE PENSION
FOR NEEDY AT SIXTY

This gave Uncle Howard some more material and he went on: "When Lloyd George introduced a bill into the British Parliament to insure all the workers in the country by the State, against unemployment, with a fund that came directly from higher taxation of the land, and known as the National Insurance Act, it aroused strong feeling against him, but when it proved to stimulate an increase in agriculture, all were well pleased. It has been practiced in New Zealand for several years, and inasmuch as people no longer fear poverty in old age, they have more ambition to work for the common good and not yearn for immense wealth. However, there is a wealth limit of four hundred thousand dollars in New Zealand.

"Several years ago I visited the Old Folks' Home at Oak Forrest, Illinois, and while conversing with

one of the old ladies who told me that her husband was there also, I asked her if they were allowed to be together all the while, and to my surprise she told me that they went to chapel together on Sundays, and were not permitted together at any other time. When she saw that I was displeased with such a system, she insisted that it was a big institution and that it would be much more trouble for the authorities to provide ways for husbands and wives to live together; adding that they were both very old and hadn't long to live, and that she was praying for God to call them both home to Glory at the same time."

Uncle Sam turned:

WEALTH LIMIT \$500,000

and again showing:

REFERENDUM AND RECALL ADOPTED

and then:

CHAUTAUQUAS PROVIDED FOR EVERY COMMUNITY, WITH EDUCATORS AND ENTERTAINERS EMPLOYED AT GOV- ERNMENT EXPENSE

Uncle Howard rattled away: "Before our social and economic, physical and mental standards can

reach a very high degree, we must know our origin and destiny, and this we cannot know without the absolution of religion. When the preacher warns his hearers, just as the collection baskets start around: 'he that giveth sparingly shall reap sparingly', it serves its purpose and creates fear in the minds of those who believe, and to that threat alone might be attributed much of the greed and slaughter and all sorts of schemes by which men procure riches with which they may purchase a high position in the eyes of this God—'By your deeds shall ye be known'—'As ye soweth the seed, that also shall ye reap'.

"A recommendation from a priest, preacher or rabbi will carry a man farther today than from any one else, and any man, regardless to his integrity, even if he never earned an honest dollar in his life, can belong to a church and procure such a recommendation if he is a *cheerful giver*.

"The two attributes which men hold in esteem are idleness and wealth. To be poor is shameful and to be wealthy is glorious regardless to methods employed in achieving it, so it be other than labor; man must demonstrate publicly that he is not needy and that toil is unthought of by him. His clothes, canes, diamonds and automobiles are symbols which cannot be denied him. When wealth ceases to be the standard of success custom will cease to be employed as proof of wealth."

Uncle Sam turned another page:

LAW ENACTED BY CONGRESS PROVIDING A LIMITLESS FUND FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND SUPPORT OF ALL INVENTORS AND GENIUSES

And he went on: "That old tradition of waiting until a genius dies before praising his works is the most ridiculous thing one can conceive of, but it has been the history of the ages to make the progress of pioneers as perilless as possible. If you want friends always shout their echo and above all, compliment them upon the brand of religion they have chosen—advance a new thought and they will despise you. Arthur Brisbane says that this country has more inventive genius and less encouragement for inventors than any other, perhaps—outside of Turkey.

"If the majority of our Congressmen would devote less of their speech-making time in declaring their patriotism, provide us with a few 'Godless days' instead of so many 'National holidays for prayer', and offer more encouragement to the genius, victory would come much sooner and with less bloodshed. How can we expect people to grow more intelligent when prize fighters are lauded and geniuses are allowed to starve? No nation could commit a greater crime than to strangle the ambition of those who wish it well and who are ready to devote their

entire lives to its uplift."

Uncle Sam turned another page showing:

LAW PROVIDING THAT NEWSPAPERS
CONVICTED OF PUBLISHING UNTRUTHS
BE SUPPRESSED

"But aren't you afraid to criticise the Government in that way?" asked Ethel.

"I am not censoring any one for what they don't know, but what I am objecting to is that they don't encourage those who do know, and help them to expound their discoveries. As for being afraid, you must not forget, little girl, that the pope of Rome is not the President of the United States, and never will be even if he now has seventeen million subjects in the country, and if his bishops have declared that his intentions are to 'make America Catholic'. There's too much free thought and too many universities here for that, and there isn't going to be any one quartered and drawn or any more St. Bartholomew massacres either, so don't be afraid. The United States Government is a human institution and cannot help making mistakes, and any man who sees these mistakes and does not, at least try to call attention to them in order that they may be eliminated and avoided, is not only a coward, but is a traitor, and as long as President Wilson has the reins in his hands you can rest assured that any and all ra-

tional criticism will be appreciated. If any one can show him a mistake he will yield, but there are a lot of people who are just too egotistical to acknowledge a possibility of error."

Uncle Sam turned, and showed:

PREVIOUS TO THE WAR BUT FORTY PEOPLE OUT OF EVERY ONE HUNDRED PERFORMED EITHER PHYSICAL OR MENTAL LABOR, AND, WORKING EIGHT HOURS PER DAY, THAT FORTY PRODUCED MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED COULD CONSUME. LAW ENACTED PROVIDING THAT ALL MUST WORK FOUR HOURS PER DAY—NO OVERFED AND UNDERWORKED—NO OVERWORKED AND UNDERFED—NO OVERPRODUCTION NO EXPLOITATION—ONE MONTH PER YEAR VACATION FOR ALL

As pleadingly as a sick child begging for candy Ethel looked at Uncle Howard, saying: "Mr. Judy, I'm not contrary, but honestly, don't you believe in any Heaven at all, and don't you believe there is a time set for all to die?"

"My dear child," he answered, "if you believe that 'your days were numbered' before you were born, why do you call a doctor when you get sick? Insane asylums are filled with religious fanatics, but I have

never heard of a Free-thinker being in one of them; and if you believe that morality is impossible without religion, look into our penitentiaries, and you will find ninety-two who profess religion to every eight who do not. Upon every gallows, a clergyman or priest pilots the condemned man straight into heaven, after an eleventh hour repentance. He may be a man who has murdered many men whose moral fiber were beyond reproach and who were not given the opportunity for this late 'confession'—yes, he may be a man whose fingers crushed the throat of some helpless and innocent little girl, but the priest opens the arms of Jesus who perches him upon 'the golden streets of Heaven' where he may forever sit in peace, and look down upon his victims who must burn through all eternity in the flames of the hell that is Kaisered by an evil devil which and whom God prepared to 'tempt' and receive Adam before he was made.

"Recently, when asked for his opinion of the immortality of the soul, Mr. Edison is reported to have answered: 'When I die I shall not be playing a harp, boiling in oil, or haunting anybody—I shall be dead'. He also has said: 'We only know one-millionth part of what we should know', and 'emotionally, we are millions of years old, but intellectually we are embryonic'.

"It is a falsehood for us to maintain that we have a Government of the people, for the people, and by

the people, when our opinions are corrupted and our achievements are directed by a dogmatic program that was constructed sixteen hundred years ago.

"Many of the newspapers, like the Kaiser, 'look upon the nation and the people as a responsibility conferred upon them', and all who refuse to yield to their programs are crushed. Show me the editor of such a paper and I will show you a man who is ruled by dogmatism. I would like to see every Church in the world transformed into a school house tomorrow and then see merit exercised in the selection of teachers, as this picture contends rules in the army.

"When the moralic acid of Christianity has been neutralized by the logical alkali of Rationalism—the theme of Voltare and Bruno, the respectability of Washington, Pain and Jefferson, the intelligence of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, and the morality of Ingersoll and Lincoln—then and then only will it be possible to propagate a race capable of enjoying itself; dishonesty, hatred and murder will be relinquished to mutual harmony of all peoples, and love of life will reign supreme; life-long education of a thing about which nothing *could* be known until after death, would be to them history most mythological—such people would not postpone all of their happiness until after their funeral."

"Why, Lincoln was a very religious man," went on Ethel.

"Yes, and the clergy has it that Ingersoll and

Thomas Pain, and for that matter every Atheist the world ever knew, died with a prayer on his lips, and they are even writing books 'revealing' their conversations through the Ouija board with the 'spirit' of Mark Tain. If that great tragedy upon the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865 was not a Papal plot, why did Dr. Samuel E. Mudd, the Roman Catholic physician who set Booth's leg, lie to the federal officers about Booth and his companion, David Harold, having been at his place, and why was John Surratt, one of the conspirators, so carefully secreted in Montreal for six months by two Canadian priests: Boucher and Leppierre, who finally smuggled him to Rome, where he became a guard at the Vatican; and if he was partial to the other division of the pious gang why did nineteen out of twenty-one ministers in Springfield fight him so bitterly during his presidential campaign?"

Another page of History was upon the screen, and read:

LAW PERMITTING BOOKS UPON MATING POULTRY, SWINE, SHEEP, HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS, CATS, ETC. IN MAILS, AMENDED, ALLOWING THE USE OF THE MAILS FOR CARRYING INFORMATION UPON THE SCIENTIFIC SELECTION OR MATING OF MEN AND WOMEN, WHICH, IT IS BELIEVED, WILL FOSTER A HIGHER PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL OFFSPRING AND BRING ABOUT A DISSOLUTION OF DIVORCE COURTS AND AFFINITY FLATS, AND PROVIDE A REALM OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING WHERE LOVE WILL GOVERN EVERY HOME—EACH STRIVING FOR THE WELFARE OF THE OTHER. FREEDOM, OF WHICH SO LITTLE HAS BEEN KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE AGES OF THE WORLD WILL THEN BE THE PRIVILEGE OF ALL

“Thirty years ago the horses in this country were mere scrubs”, he went on, “look at them today, and you can blame Science only for the change; look at the degenerates and imbeciles of intermarrying royalists in Europe, and you *must* lay it to Theology and tradition.

“Billy Sunday says he knows all about Biology—how many times a fly flaps his wings in a second, how many eyes it has and that a fly can see a *church*

steeple three blocks away; and he also said: 'When God made man he made him perfect—he made Adam the same as he made me, and if you've seen me you have seen Adam'. In his Mother's day sermon, last April, he said: 'Any kind of an old stick will do for a father'. Isn't that fine advice for a great social reformer—the leading minister in America—to give young ladies who are ever upon the lookout for husbands? If he were asked for his opinion about the Mendelian Law, I would not be surprised to have him answer that he was not interested in flowers.

"If our government is going to allow him to continue running at large it should make him a present of Upton Sinclair's 'Damaged Goods', and perhaps he would cease spreading such poisonous nostrums. Mental heredity, however, is more significant than physical, but it is too far beyond his comprehension to offer the least suggestion.

"The church believes that women who know anything about anatomy are immoral. Every girl should know enough about Biology and Psychology to choose a man who is properly mated to her, and then she should know enough about Physiology and Anatomy to restrict the size of her family, and to bring forth a child only when both she and her husband are in the best of physical condition. Birth control will relinquish quantity to quality, while the church prefers babies to brains. Read the twelfth chapter of Leviticus and you will know why girl babies always

come into the world under protest, and you will also see that when their brains are no longer filled with the haunts of the church, mothers will not be so ashamed of motherhood as they are today."

Several gigantic power plants in rivers and water falls were shown, preceded by a reader:

ALL WATER-POWER HARNESSSED

"So you think religion is just an invention of Autocracy for the sole purpose of upholding thrones and exploiting laborers, do you?" continued Ethel.

"Yes, and it has more protection than all the *patented* inventions in the world. Mankind has ever yielded to flattery and resisted fact—taken sides with his enemies and prevented new liberties being born. Do you think that scientific men would have given ear to the Kaiser's soothing words: 'With God's help the German sword will bring us peace, and, indeed, the peace which after much distress and many troubles, the German people need for a happy future. May our people face the new time and its tasks with unbending faith in itself and its mission, and with strong, patriotic and proud joy in the fatherland bound to me and my house by old and proved bonds of mutual trust'. Look what his Christianity has brought upon the women of Germany: 'patriotic to give a child to the fatherland'. These people do not shudder at such things, when

they know they are to please their All-Highest—His Majesty—Divinely Inspired, any more than *His Grace the Most Reverend* Archbishop Mundelein's hearers were abhorred two years ago last March when he told them: 'I am your leader, thinker and your director, I will tell you what to do—I need you men—I am your Bishop—I think for you'.

"When the *thinking* people of this country saw the Northern Light upon the seventh of last March, they did not think it was a candle in the hands of Jesus and a presage from Heaven assuring them that God is on the side with the Allies in this war, which the newspapers asked them to believe, but doubtless it thrilled the hearts of many religious dupes."

"But what would Mother say, and what would all my friends think of me if I should desert the church?" asked Ethel, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, and a very complicated arrangement was being shown. It was the interior of a great foundry and it was so illustrated to convey the idea that guns, from the common army rifle to the largest naval gun, were being brought in at one side, and farm machinery was being taken out on the other. After showing considerable detail of the melting-furnaces, molding, etc., and as the scene began to fade away, a reader appeared over it in very large words:

WORLD DISARMAMENT

“Remove the veil from your mother’s face and teach her to see with her eyes open, convert her—convert every Roman Catholic *subject* you can into a free-thinking American *citizen*—convert every God-loving *subject* of Protestantism into a lover of humanity; teach them to idolize their wives and husbands, to adore their children and parents, to show affection to their sisters and brothers, and to love their fellow-men, instead of an unjust god and a lying priest. By constant use an organ will develop, while those not exercised will vanish—exercise your faculty for seeing truth and all myth will disappear. Weeds grow best in poorly cultivated or stagnate soil, and every convert to Christianity or for any other religious faith, is a step in favor of nineteen hundred more years of war and persecution, and with militaristic governments.

“When I was first told that all religions were invented to chloroform intelligence and thus keep men in subjection, and that the Christian religion had caused more wars than all the other evils in the world put together, I was very much angered; I was angry because I was a Christian and I knew that it was impossible for me to have believed in a thing all my life that was false—I knew it just as well as the Belgians knew that Germany was trustworthy and that she would always respect her treaty. How-

ever, the criticism was too strong to resist investigation, and when I began looking behind the screen their fallacies soon became very transparent, but the poor Belgians found their shortcomings in a different way; yet, had they been given warning, they would no more have heeded than will the average Christian, who enjoys calling his advisers fools, until, at least one foot is in the grave, and then the very few who ever awaken can only say: 'Oh if I could only have seen the truth sooner'."

The entrance of the Blackman Packing Company was again shown (while the name upon the window had been changed to: GOVERNMENT SUPPLY STATION), as Nell, looking to be about fifty years old, a young lady and two small children, supposedly her daughter and grandchildren, drove up in a modest electric car, and just as they were getting out another car rolled up, in which was a lady about Nell's age, and to whom Nell was chatting as her daughter and the children entered the building.

The women were all dressed in men's clothing, at which every woman in the theater breathed a sigh, but as many women were shown to pass who were all thus dressed, the shock soon wore off and comments could be heard all over the house.

Soon Carson and Blackman came out together (both of whom were considerably older than when last shown), and we immediately saw that the other lady was Blackman's wife.

"Ah, isn't that the sweetest thing you ever saw in your life?" whispered Alice to me, as the young lady with her husband and children came out. "Just look, each man and his wife have their suits made from the same pattern and in the same style. There is nothing I admire more than a pair of twins, and just think of how much more chummy man and wife would look dressed that way, and how the psychology of it would bring them nearer and hold them dearer to each other—gee, I wish women had enough common sense to adopt such a program today, for none will dispute that it is bound to come."

Although her eyes were upon the screen, Ethel made no comment upon the style, but continued her conversation with Uncle Howard, saying: "Oh, mercy, my brain is so confused, give me a little more time to think it over—give me until tomorrow."

"You have all the time in the world—there's no threats of fire and brimstone for putting it off, there's no revenue for a missionary, no initiation fees nor sinking fund, and there's no death warrant to sign; there's no pledging your life to a prelate or pontiff, there's no false wings to shelter under and there's no evil devils haunting your brain everywhere you walk. In the Church you are a child of fear and a frivolous god is your shepherd—with Rationalism you are a full grown person, capable of walking without crutches and in the light of justice, while truth is your leader. As this production has

plainly shown, man has always been his most unrelenting enemy—his moral stupidity has led him to reject what he cannot invent, so there's but two things that you can do in this case: either break the chains that have developed a mind so easily confused and become a champion of your own conduct, or remain a *sheep* under the shepherdship of those who have denied you the privilege of thinking.

"I feel sorry for you, for I know just how you feel, and I must tell you that the truth never came to me until I was much older than you, but when once I did get a peep into it the whole thing soon became very clear. I could plainly see why ministers were always unusually happy while their audiences were singing that old song: 'Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold, I will make sure of Heaven, etc.' and I observed them riding upon the backs of those who work, exhibiting a cloak of sanctification as their only defense. I looked into some of their private lives and found them not superior to the laymen, and I also observed that the boycotting of business men who refused to make most liberal donations to the church is as severe as those made by graft-collecting politicians.

"We have sent our boys to die upon the battle fields to establish Democracy in Europe, and not only have we permitted Autocracy to run rampant here at home while they are doing it, but we have rendered it the greatest assistance possible by ex-

emptying its mightiest weapons from military service so they may be strong and ready to chloroform those who return; but I sincerely hope they will refuse it and demand what they have earned instead of leaving it to posterity. If they do demand it they will easily get it. May millions of voices shout: 'Down with Autocracy and its Kingdoms and slavery, and up with humanity and freedom and real Democracy' !"

The happy Carson family were shown to be just finishing their evening meal, in a modest but not luxurious home, and as they arose from the table Carson and the children walked into the adjoining room, while the daughter proceeded to wash the dishes and her husband prepared to wipe them, after which Carson was shown reclining in an easy chair and looking, as if in deep study, at a picture of President Wilson hanging upon the wall—the children playing upon the floor.

Presently Nell came in and as she sat down upon the left arm of his chair with her arm upon his shoulder, the following verse appeared, word at a time, over the scene, and while the audience remained quiet:

As I think o'er the struggles of by-gone days,
 When the world was full of hatred and shame,
 Which ruled all through the *dark ages*—
 Until Democracy came:
 Of how our brothers and sisters would jeer us
 When we'd warn them of Autocracy's greed,
 Then to see them now—free and happy,
 It seems so unreal—indeed.

The verse disappeared and another came in the same way, while they fondled each other, and Ethel heaved a deep sigh:

It was you dear that guided my footsteps
 O'er HIS hurdles of filth and thorns,
 'Twas your love that turned joys from sorrows—
 That patient little mind void of scorns.
 We taught them compassion and sympathy,
 With the aid of Uncle Sam,
 And they'll praise us till the Earth again grows cold—
 Dear—they couldn't understand.

"Well, this picture and your conversation has changed my whole ambition in life, and I am going to be a different man from now on," whispered Owen, as the last words appeared and the scene faded out with the happy couple in fond embrace.

"Yes, and I am going to be a different woman," answered Ethel as quick as a flash, "the pealing of the cathedral chimes will fall upon deaf ears, and shall no longer fill my brain with fear of Hell and Purgatory," while Uncle Sam displayed the last page of his History:

LIFE MADE WORTH LIVING
FOR ALL MANKIND

"I am going to join some philosophical society, and the hours and days that I have heretofore wasted in counting beads and mumbling prayers," she went on, "will hereafter be spent there and in libraries, and in contributing some *real* good to the world; I am done with the Church and its stagnation forever—done with its dogmatism and its lies!"

"Good for you, little girl," shouted Uncle Howard, jumping to his feet and grabbing her by the hand, as the curtains were drawn, concealing Uncle Sam, who was standing on top of the World with his History under his arm, and while part of the audience sat spellbound and others cheered, "I have changed my mind too—if your eyes can be opened surely others can be made to see, so I am going back to Danville and write a book on *Holding Back the Twentieth Century*."

FINIS.

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